

THE
GUARDIAN.

IN
THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FIRST.

L O N D O N,

Printed for S. CROWDER, C. WARE, and T. PAYNE.

M. DCC. LXXIV.



79... 2618

T O

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

C A D O G A N.

S I R,

IN the character of Guardian it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of society, and laid out worthy and manly qualities, in the service of the public. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way than Mr. Cadogan : with a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers, and, with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregarded what should befall yourself in the prosecution of it : thus has life risen to you, as fast as you resigned it, and every new hour, for having so frankly lent the preceding moments to the cause of justice and of liberty, has come home to you, improved with honour : this happy distinction, which is so very peculiar to you, with the addition of industry, vigilance, patience of labour, thirst and hunger, in common with the meanest soldier, has made your present fortune unenvied. For the public always reap greater advantage, from the example of successful merit,

A 2.

than

DEDICATION.

than the deserving man himself can possibly be possessed of; your country knows how eminently you excel in the several parts of military skill, whether in assigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or pursuing the enemy: the retreat being the only part of the profession which has not fallen within the experience of those who learned their warfare under the Duke of Marlborough. But the true and honest purpose of this epistle, is to desire a place in your friendship, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation, who, by your own gallant actions, have acquired that your name through all ages shall be read with honour, where-ever mention shall be made of that illustrious captain.

I am, S I R,

your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

The GUARDIAN.

T H E

T H E
G U A R D I A N.

N^o 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1713.

—*Ille quem requiris.*

MART. Epig. II. l. i. v. i.

He, whom you seek.

THERE is no passion so universal, however diversified or disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues or qualifications to the world; this is so strong upon men of great genius, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they might possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy. Mr. Airs, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image opposite to the title-page of his learned treatise, wherein he instructs the youth of this nation to arrive at a flourishing hand. The author of "The Key to Interest, both simple and compound, containing practical rules, plainly expressed in words at length, for all rates of interest and times of payment for what time soever," makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Chester, by following the example of the above-mentioned Airs, and coming up to town, over-against his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, inclosed in a circle of foliages: below his portraiture, for our farther

A 3

satisfaction,

satisfaction as to the age of that useful writer, is subscribed *Johannes Ward de civitat. Cestriae, ætat. suæ 58. An. Dom. 1706.* The serene aspect of these writers, joined with the great encouragement I observe is given to another, or what is indeed to be suspected, in which he indulges himself, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at shall be nameless, but his countenance is communicated to the public in several views and aspects drawn by the most eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artists by way of mezzo-tinto, etchers, and the like. There was, I remember, some years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whose face became generally known, and the artists employed their skill in delineating his features, because every man was judge of the similitude of them. There is little else than what this John Gale arrived at, in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourselves in such things as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler considerations. But I think it is no great matter to the public, what is the incentive which makes men bestow time in their service, provided there be any thing useful in what they produce: I shall proceed therefore to give an account of my intended labours, not without some hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the sort above-mentioned.

I should not have assumed the title of GUARDIAN, had I not maturely considered, that the qualities necessary for doing the duties of that character, proceed from the integrity of the mind, more than the excellence of the understanding: the former of these qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at, and the more he endeavours that way, the less will he want the advantages of the latter. To be faithful,

faithful, to be honest, to be just, is what you will demand in the choice of your guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is pleasant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow satisfactions which make for the ornament, if not so immediately to the use of your life. As to the diverting part of this Paper, by what assistance I shall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my history to be delivered in ensuing discourses. The main purpose of the work shall be to protect the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to condemn the vain, the cowardly; and to disappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preserving a strict regard not only to the duties, but civilities of life, with the utmost impartiality towards things and persons. The unjust application of the advantages of breeding and fortune, is the source of all calamity both public and private; the correction, therefore, or rather admonition, of a guardian in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent spirit, would certainly be of general service.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I shall publish in respective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumstance relating to those who excel in mechanics, shall be considered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by such as have not turned themselves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the necessity of social life, has given one man's hands to another man's head; and the carpenter, the smith, the joiner, are as immediately necessary to the mathematician, as my amanuensis will be to me, to write much fairer than
I can

I can myself. I am so well convinced of this truth, that I shall have a particular regard to mechanics; and to shew my honour for them, I shall place at their head the painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic, but as to his conception, his spirit and design, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be, from these considerations, useful to make the world see, the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind, is much nearer than the illiberal arrogance of scholars will, at all times, allow: but I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanic heads, and shall therefore take them all into my care, from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heaven in Fleet-street, to Bat. Pigeon the hair-cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected upon what pretensions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest friend of all the world. How my head is accomplished for this employment towards the public, from the long exercise of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpose. They are most of them histories, or advices of public transactions; but as these representations affect the passions of my readers, I shall sometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongst us are too violent, to make it possible to pass them by without observation. As to these matters, I shall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a Tory; with regard to the state, a Whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digesting my thoughts in proper stile, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a halfpenny above all other half-sheets. And all persons who have any thing

thing to communicate to me, are desired to direct their letters (postage paid) to *Nestor Ironside*, Esq; at Mr *Tonson's* in the *Strand*. I declare before-hand, that I will at no time be conversed with any other way than by letter; for as I am an ancient man, I shall find enough to do to give orders proper for their service, to whom I am by will of their parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a scene for me to pass my whole life in. But I have got my wards so well off my hands, and they are so able to act for themselves, that I have little to do but give an hint, and all that I desire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My design, upon the whole, is no less than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, all act in concert in the care of piety, justice and virtue; for I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party, but to deliver myself as becomes an old man, with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity. All sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain; if I can keep clear of these two evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy, and revenge, are excrescencies of the mind which I have cut off long ago: but as they are excrescencies which do not only deform, but also torment those on whom they grow, I shall do all I can to persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have.

N^o 2. FRIDAY, MARCH 13.

THE readiest way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myself, that promise to give the town a daily half-sheet: I shall therefore

therefore enter into my own history, without losing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone house within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middlesex; my parents were of ability to bestow upon me a liberal education, and of an humour to think that a great happiness, even in a fortune which was but just enough to keep me above want. In my sixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall in Oxford. It is one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our universities do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr Joseph Pullen, of our hall above-mentioned, and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy, to my constant morning-walks up Hedington-hill in his chearful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But, as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendship with young Mr Lizard of Northamptonshire. He was sent for a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr Ambrose knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard-hall on the Saturday night, saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married by order of his father Sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be Sir Ambrose himself, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parsonage of Welt, not far off Wellinborough. My friend

friend was married in the year 1662, and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college, (except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln) and sojourned at Sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopped of a sudden, observing he did not attend. "Lay by your book," said he, "and let us take a turn in the grass-walk, for I have something to say to you." After a silence for above forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak a matter of great importance, Sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: "My good friend," said he, "you may have observed that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr. Willis's chambers at University College, I ever after sought and courted you: that inclination towards you has improved from similitude of matters, if I may so say, when I tell you I have not observed in any man a greater candour and simplicity of mind than in yourself. You are a man that are not inclined to launch into the world, but prefer security and ease in a collegiate or single life, to going into the cares which necessarily attend a public character, or that of a master of a family. You see within my son Marmaduke, my only child; I have a thousand anxieties upon me concerning him, the greater part of which I would transfer to you, and when I do so, I would make it, in plain English, worth your while." He would not let me speak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole scheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As soon as we went into the house, he gave me a bill upon his goldsmith in London, of two thousand pounds, and told me with that he had purchased me, with all the talents I was master of, to be of his family,

mily, to educate his son, and to do all that should ever ly in my power for the service of him and his to my life's end, according to such powers, trusts and instructions as I should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me, and without doubt suppose I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I should have thought myself obliged to by friendship; but as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were least liable to the variation of humour, time or season, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I should never enter into any alliance which should divert me from pursuing the interests of his family, of which I should hereafter understand myself a member. Sir Ambrose told me he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition: all he meant was in general, to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this purpose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most excellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death also, with my present conduct towards the

the numerous descendents of my old friend, will make possibly a series of history of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of Sir Ambrose, and the no less worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year, about which time she lost her husband Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity: he left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a-year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue in ready money, as a portion to each younger child. My Lady's christian name is Aspasia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our style to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say Lady Lizard or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of. When she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her household affairs, we will use the more familiar name; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of style we will use the word Aspasia. Aspasia is a lady of a great understanding and noble spirit: she has passed several years in widowhood, with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life, which may not directly

mily, to educate his son, and to do all that should ever ly in my power for the service of him and his to my life's end, according to such powers, trusts and instructions as I should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me, and without doubt suppose I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I should have thought myself obliged to by friendship; but as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were least liable to the variation of humour, time or season, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I should never enter into any alliance which should divert me from pursuing the interests of his family, of which I should hereafter understand myself a member. Sir Ambrose told me he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition: all he meant was in general, to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this purpose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most excellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death also, with my present conduct towards the

the numerous descendent of my old friend, will make possibly a series of history of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of Sir Ambrose, and the no less worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year, about which time she lost her husband Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity: he left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a-year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue in ready money, as a portion to each younger child. My Lady's christian name is Aspasia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our style to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say Lady Lizard or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of. When she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her household affairs, we will use the more familiar name; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of style we will use the word Aspasia. Aspasia is a lady of a great understanding and noble spirit: she has passed several years in widowhood, with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life, which may not directly

or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family, to supply my readers with diverting, and perhaps useful notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almost all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practised by my Lady Lizard with the best skill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, passions, interests and diversions, shall be represented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of so accomplished a woman as the intelligent and discreet Lady Lizard.

N^o 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

Quicquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget, coeleste et divinum est, ob eamque rem aeternum sic necesse est.

CICERO.

Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal.

I AM diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by casting my eye upon a treatise, which I could not overlook without an inexcusable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious interests of mankind. This piece has for its title, "A Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the rise and growth of a sect called Free-thinkers." The author very methodically enters upon his argument, and says, "By Free-thinking, I mean the use of the understanding, in endeavouring to find out the meaning of any proposition whatsoever, in considering

“ fidering the nature of the evidence for or againft, “ and in judging of it according to the feeming “ force or weaknefs of the evidence.” As foon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not defign to fhew a particular inclination for or againft any thing before he had confidered it, he gives up all title to the character of a Free-thinker, with the moft apparent prejudice againft a body of men, whom of all other a good man would be moft careful not to violate, I mean men in holy orders. Persons who have devoted themfelves to the fervice of God, are venerable to all who fear Him; and it is a certain characteriftic of a diffolute and ungoverned mind, to rail or fpeak difrefpectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in fo great a crowd of men fome will intrude, who are of tempers very unbecoming their function; but becaufe ambition and avarice are fometimes lodged in that bofom which ought to be the dwelling of fancity and devotion, muft this unreafonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the leaft care to difguife his being an enemy to the perfons againft whom he writes, nor any where granted, that the institution of religious men to ferve at the altar, and inftruct fuch who are not as wife as himfelf, is at all neceffary or defireable; but proceeds, without the leaft apology, to undermine their credit, and frustrate their labours. Whatever clergymen, in difputes againft each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in fuch a manner as to affect religion itfelf, by wrefting concessions to its difadvantage from its own teachers. If this be true, as fure any man that reads the difcourfe muft allow it is, and if religion is the ftrongeft tie of human fociety, in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of fuch a feft as he calls Free-thinkers? He that fhould burn a houfe, and juftify the action, by afferting he is a free agent, would be

more excusable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of a Free-thinker. But there are a set of dry, joyless, dull fellows, who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongst mankind, upon benevolent and generous principles, that think to surmount their own natural meanness, by laying offences in the way of such as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honest arts of life. If it were possible to laugh at so melancholy an affair as what hazards salvation, it would be no unpleasant inquiry to ask, what satisfactions they reap, what extraordinary gratification of sense, or what delicious libertinism this sect of Free-thinkers enjoy, after getting loose of the laws which confine the passions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing sect are sober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themselves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? These sages of iniquity are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept safe from reflection by dabbling in their rhapsodies, without tasting the pleasures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals, only to gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the interests of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this; but it is certain there are a sort of men that can puzzle truth, but cannot enjoy the satisfaction of it. This same Free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which possess great minds when they are turned for religion; and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such sensation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of these scorers may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a sense of piety towards Heaven, as well as the sense of any thing else, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of
the

the head and heart. This gentleman may be assured he has not a taste for what he pretends to decry; and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an Atheist. I must repeat, that he wants capacity to relish what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehensions of things, and at the same time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a necessary consequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheistical fellows who appeared the last age did not serve the devil for nought, but revelled in excesses suitable to their principles; while in these unhappy days, mischief is done for mischief's sake. These Freethinkers, who lead the lives of recluse students, for no other purpose but to disturb the sentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monstrous recreation of those late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such writers as this, who has no spirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age, mohocks and cut-throats may well set up for wits and men of pleasure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I should produce some instances of the ill intention of this Free-thinker, to support the treatment I here give him. In his 52d page, he says,

‘Secondly. The priests throughout the world differ about scriptures, and the authority of scriptures. The Bramins have a book of scripture called the Shaster. The Perfes have their Zundavastaw. The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the “God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all mens sins.” The Talapoins of Siam

“ have a book of scripture written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siamese say, was ‘ born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the universe.’ The Dervises have their Alcoran.”

I believe there is no one will dispute the author’s great impartiality in setting down the accounts of these different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air which betrays that the history of “ one born of a virgin” has as much authority with him from St. Sommonocodom as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philosophy, he tells you, p. 136. “ Cicero produces this as an instance of “ a probable opinion, that they who study philosophy do not believe there are any gods ;” and then, from consideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes, “ That there can be nothing after death.”

As to what he misrepresents of Tully, the short sentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppose ; but who can have patience to reflect upon the assemblage of impostures among which our author places the religion of his country ? As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of “ A Discourse of Free-thinking.”

N^o 4. MONDAY, MARCH 16.

It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head.
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at : So shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep. HUDIBRAS.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word CUSTOM; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of DEDICATIONS, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving: nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise, or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Tho' the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason, that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and

and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services; As they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance, to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity, at once, think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view, one can read very few dedications but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons. I have known an hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character

character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tipped every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her kneeling adorations, I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto: for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so it is certain none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings,

ings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible, was the dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows.

‘ * * * Though it is a kind of profanation to
 ‘ approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet
 ‘ when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-
 ‘ ~~fruits~~ was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest
 ‘ ages of religion, that they were honoured with
 ‘ solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a di-
 ‘ vine command, * * * upon that consideration,
 ‘ as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate
 ‘ * * * It is impossible to behold you without ad-
 ‘ oring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that
 ‘ surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that re-
 ‘ fines their flames, and renders them pure as those
 ‘ we ought to offer to the deity. * * * The shrine
 ‘ is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your
 ‘ grace we see what woman was before she fell, how
 ‘ nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels.
 ‘ And WE ADORE AND BLESS THE GLO-
 ‘ RIOUS WORK!’

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end,
 that

that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of stile, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the CELESTIAL; that is, when the most sacred phrases appropriated to the honour of the deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a new kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner.

The AUTHOR to HIMSELF.

Most honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first as it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public: then as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shewn to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover their beauties; and there are some parts, which it is possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts,

parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric. But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing so much I desire, as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but till then, can only assure you that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

dearest S I R,

your affectionate Friend, and

the greatest of your Admirers.

N° 5. TUESDAY, MARCH 17.

Laudantur simili prole puerpera. HOR. Od. 5. l. 4. v. 23.

The mother's virtues in the daughters shine.

I HAVE in my second paper mentioned the family, into which I was retained by the friend of my youth; and given the reader to understand, that my obligations to it are such as might well naturalize me into the interests of it. They have, indeed, had their deserved effect; and if it were possible for a man who has never entered into the state of marriage, to know the instincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous house, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in some considerations,

derations, have been more useful than those of a father; and as I wanted all that tenderness, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reason when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and consequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondness towards their persons, to transgress against their interests.

As the female part of a family is the more constant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and by custom and opinion for less offences more exposed to the latter; I shall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianship, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambrose, has for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only of the visits of her own family. The observation, that old people remember best those things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full strength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation; I chuse indeed to go thither, to divert any anxiety or weariness, which at any time I find grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said, that a little mirth and diversion are what recreate the spirits upon those occasions; but there is a kind of sorrow from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones: the passages of the times when we were in fashion, with the countenances, behaviour and jollity, so much, forsooth, above what any appear in now, are present to our imaginations,

tions, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than my brother to me; of a husband, that was dearer than life to her: discourses about that dear and worthy man generally send her to her closet, and me to the dispatch of some necessary business, which regards the remains, I would say the numerous descendents, of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to say of this lady; which was, that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with respect to this) as she is the object of veneration to those who are derived from her: whose behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them.

The widow of Sir Marmaduke is to be considered in a very different view. My lady is not in the shining bloom of life, but at those years, wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, those of pomp and equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited, and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger days: in this condition she might very well add the pleasures of courtship, and the grateful persecution of being followed by a crowd of lovers; but she is an excellent mother, and great œconomist; which considerations, joined with the pleasure of living her own way, preserve her against the intrusion of love. I will not say that my lady has not a secret vanity in being still a fine woman, and neglecting those addresses, to which perhaps we in part owe her constancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgment, as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskilfully, in
affecting

affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Mrs Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be; but it is possible I am too observing in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in respect to greater circumstances: for Mrs Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her study and constant endeavour to assist her in the management of her household, to keep all idle whispers from her, and discourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and sisters towards her, as well as the diligence and cheerfulness of her servants. It is by Mrs Jane's management, that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is composed of both. Mrs Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither strict piety, diligence in domestic affairs, or any other avocation, have preserved her against love, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectation, but small fortune; at the same time, that men of very great estates ask her of her mother. My lady tells her that prudence must give way to passion; so that Mrs Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, must conquer more than one passion, and out of prudence banish the man she loves, and marry the man she hates.

The next daughter is Mrs Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain dishonest cunning I know in her; she can seem blind and careless, and full of herself only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities, whilst she is observing all the company, laying up store for ridicule; and, in a word, is selfish and interested under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what shall I do with this girl!

Mrs Cornelia passes away her time very much in
C 2 reading,

reading, and that with so great an attention, that it gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her as she is a fine young woman; the giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love; none will allow that she affects so much being alone, but for want of particular company. I have railed at Romances before her, for fear of her falling into those deep studies: she has fallen in with my humour that way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it seems, only excited her curiosity; and I am afraid she is better read than I know of; for she said of a glass of water, in which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air, "It is chrystaline." I shall examine further, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs Betty is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my Lord Such-a-one's leading my Lady Such-a-one out from the play: she is prodigiously acquainted, all of a sudden, with the world, and asked her sister Jane the other day in an argument, "Dear sister, how should you know any thing, that hear nothing but "what we do in our own family?" I do not much like her maid.

Mrs Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs Ironside, because I have named her The Sparkler, is the very quintessence of good nature and generosity; she is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay, the blossom of them, are apparent in Mrs Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead!) but I cannot resist my partiality to this child, for being so like her grandfather: how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking

ing to me! I am sure the child, has no skill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

At the head of these children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's consent, is my Lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well visited. Sir William Oger, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house on a double consideration. The Knight is willing (for so he very gallantly expresses himself) to marry the mother, or he will consent, whether that be so or not, that his son Oliver shall take any one of the daughters Noll likes best.

Mr. Rigburt of the same county, who gives in his estate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his seat in the country, that he also is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my Lady; she shewed it me this morning.

‘ M A D A M,

‘ I HAVE heard your daughters very well spoken of: and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the small-pox is very rife at London, I will send my eldest son to see them, provided that by your Ladyship's answer, and your liking of the rent-roll which I send herewith, your Ladyship assures me he shall have one of them, for I do not think to have my son refused by any woman; and so, Madam, I conclude,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ HENRY PANDOLF.’

N^o 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18.

I HAVE dispatched my young women, and the town has them among them. It is necessary for the elucidation of my future discourses, which I desire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a Guardian, Mr. Ironside's PRECAUTIONS: I say it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place, necessary to give an account of the males of this worthy family, whose annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domestic and not made up of so many circumstances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot dispatch the account of the males under my care, in so few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, son and heir of the late Sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-sixth year of his age, and is now at his seat in the country.

The estate at present in his hands is above three thousand a-year, after payment of taxes, and all necessary charges whatsoever. He is a man of good understanding, but not at all what is usually called a man of shining parts. His virtues are much greater than his accomplishments, as to his conversation. But when you come to consider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he should be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm inwardly upon all undertakings, and in a much shorter time than is usual with men who are not versed in business, he is master of the question before him, and can instantly inform himself with great exactness in the matter of profit or loss that

that shall arise from any thing proposed to him. The same capacity, joined to an honest nature, makes him very just to other men, as well as to himself. His payments are very punctual, and I dare answer he never did, nor ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his house, garden, park or lands, before the money is in his own pocket, wherewith he is to pay for such undertaking. He is too good to purchase labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deserves from his superior prudence, the choice of all who are most knowing and able to serve him. With his ready money, the builder, mason and carpenter are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who inconsiderately employ them, and often pay their undertakers by sale of some of their land: whereas, were the lands on which those improvements are made, sold to the artificers, the buildings would be rated as lumber in the purchase. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income, to extend his charity, serve his pleasures, or regale his friends. His servants, his cattle, his goods speak their master a rich man. Those about his person, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a chearful, not a gay air; the servants below them seem to live in plenty, but not in wantonness. As Sir Henry is a young man, and of an active disposition, his best figure is on horseback. But before I speak of that I should acquaint you, that during his infancy all the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the house, which was called the school; where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar master, a plain sober man, maintain'd (with a salary, besides his diet, of fifty pounds a-year) to instruct all such children of gentlemen, or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they
were

were allowed to ride out with him upon his horses. There were always ten or twelve for the saddle in readiness to attend him and his favourites, in the choice of whom he shewed a good disposition, and distributed his kindness among them, by turns, with great good-nature. All horses, both for the saddle, and swift draught, were very well bitted, and a skilful rider, with a riding-house, wherein he (the riding-master) commanded, had it in orders to teach any gentleman's son of the county that would please to learn that exercise. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in esteem and power in the country; for as the whole shire is now possessed by gentlemen, who owe Sir Harry a part of education, which they all value themselves upon, (their horsemanship), they prefer his horses to all others, and it is 10 *per cent.* in the price of a steed, which appears to come out of his riding-house.

By this means it is, that Sir Harry, as I was going to say, makes the best figure on horseback, for his usual hours of being in the field are well known; and at those seasons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and schoolfellows, take a pleasure in giving him their company, with their servants well behaved, and horses well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir Harry for a particular care in his horses. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but also which are for the coach or swift draught, for grace adds mightily to the price of strength; and he finds his account in it at all markets, more especially for the coach or troop horses, of which that county produces the most strong and ostentatious. To keep up a breed for any use whatever, he gives plates for the best performing horse in every way in which that animal can be serviceable. There is such a prize for him that trots best, such for the best walker, such for the best galloper, such
for

for the best pacer ; then for him who draws most in such a time to such a place, then to him that carries best such a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy in the dress of the riders : some admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gallop, when they are out-trotted by a rival ; some known country wit to come upon the best pacer ; these and the like little joyful arts, gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the esteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horse ; he is of opinion it is inhumane, that animals should be put upon their utmost strength and mettle for our diversion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the Queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be distanced ; and, like a good country gentleman, says, it is a fault in all ministries that they encourage no kind of horses but those which are swift.

As I write lives, I dwell upon small matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment. But good œconomy is the characteristic of the Lizards. I remember a circumstance about six years ago, that gave me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parliament ; for he is a landed man, and considers his interest, though he is such, to be impaired or promoted according to the state of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his presence, to ask an intelligent woollen-drapper, what he gave for his shop, the corner of Change-Alley ? The shop is I believe fourteen feet long, and eight broad. I was answered, Ninety pounds a-year. I took no notice, but the thought descended into the breast of Sir Harry, and I saw on his table the next morning a computation of the value of land in an island, consisting of so many miles, with so many good ports ; the value of each part of the said island, as it lay to such ports, and produced such

such commodities. The whole of his working was to know why so few yards, near the Change, was so much better than so many acres in Northamptonshire; and what those acres in Northamptonshire would be worth, were there no trade at all in this island.

It makes my heart ache, when I think of this young man, and consider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods men of estate may do good wherever they are seated; that so many should be what they are! It is certain, that the arts which purchase wealth or fame, will maintain them; and I attribute the splendor and long continuance of this family, to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old Sir Harry, the great-grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the deeds which he ever signed, in the humour of that sententious age, this sentence, "There are four good mothers, " of whom are often born four unhappy daughters; " truth begets hatred, happiness pride, security danger, and familiarity contempt."

N^o 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 19.

—*Properat cursu*
Vita citato—

SENEC. TRAG.

With speedy step life posts away.

I THIS morning did myself the honour to visit Lady Lizard, and took my chair at the tea-table, at the upper-end of which that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the Graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celestial who owes her being to poetry.

The

The
but o
which
ladies
mind
of wh
as be
prope
sent;
was t
who
The
the
ly fo
prese
fore,
of th
and
awa
prin
and
mos
qua
fed
had
dift
wit
tow
fan
hea
do
dif
gl
gr
ou
th
ta
fe

The discourse we had there, none being present but our own family, consisted of private matters, which tended to the establishment of these young ladies in the world. My lady, I observed, had a mind to make mention of the proposal to Mrs. Jane, of which she is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally against it; but it is by no means proper the young ladies should observe we ever dissent; therefore I turned the discourse, by saying, It was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but three-and-twenty, ten years hence. The whole table was alarmed at the assertion, and the Sparkler scalded her fingers, by leaning suddenly forward to look in my face: but my business at present, was to make my court to the mother; therefore, without regarding the resentment in the looks of the children, Madam, said I, there is a petulant and hasty manner practised in this age, in hurrying away the life of woman, and confining the grace and principal action of it to those years wherein reason and discretion are most feeble, humour and passion most powerful. From the time a young woman of quality has first appeared in the drawing-room, raised a whisper and curiosity of the men about her, had her health drank in gay companies, and been distinguished at public assemblies; I say, Madam, if within three or four years of her first appearance in town, she is not disposed of, her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are disarmed, and we seldom after hear her mentioned but with indifference. What doubles my grief on this occasion is, that the more discreetly the lady behaves herself, the sooner is her glory extinguished. Now, Madam, if merit had a greater weight in our thoughts, when we form to ourselves agreeable characters of women, men would think, in making their choices, of such as would take care of, as well as supply children for the nursery. It was not thus in the illustrious days of good
Queen

Queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turning over a folio, called, "The Complete Ambassador," consisting chiefly of letters from Lord Burleigh, Earl of Leicester, and Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas writes a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, full of learned gallantry, wherein you may observe he promises himself the French King's brother (who it seems was but a cold lover) would be quickened by seeing the Queen in person, who was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A certain sobriety in thoughts, words and action, which was the praise of that age, kept the fire of love alive; and it burnt so equally, that it warmed and preserved, without tormenting and consuming our beings. The letter I mention is as follows:

*To the right worshipful Mr Francis Walsingham,
Ambassador, Resident in France.*

SIR,

I Am sorry that so good a matter should, upon so nice a point, be deferred. We may say that the lover will do little, if he will not take the pains once to see his love; but she must first say, Yea, before he see her, or she him: twenty ways might be devised why he might come over, and be welcome, and possibly do more in an hour than he may in two years. "Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculos infidet, & ex oculis ejaculatur, & in oculos utriusque videndo non solum, ut ait poeta, fœmina virum, sed vir fœminam;" that powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, resides in the eyes, he sends out all his darts from the eyes: by throwing glances at the eyes (according to the poet) not only the woman captivates the man, but also the man the woman. What force, I pray you, can hear say, and I think, and I trust, do in comparison of that, "cum præsens
" præsentem

“ præsentem tuetur & alloquitur, & furore forsitan
 “ amoris ductus amplectitur,” when they face to
 ‘ face see and converse with each other, and the
 ‘ lover in an ecstasy, not to be commanded, snatches
 ‘ an embrace, and saith to himself, and openly, that
 ‘ she may hear, “ Teneone te, an etiamnum somno
 “ volunt sceminæ videri cogi ad id quod maximum
 “ cupiunt?” Are you in my arms, my fair one,
 ‘ or do we both dream, and will women even in
 ‘ their sleep seem forced to what they most desire?
 ‘ if we be cold, it is our part; besides the person,
 ‘ the sex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it
 ‘ not a young man’s part to be bold, courageous,
 ‘ and to adventure; if he should have, he should
 ‘ have but “ honorificam repulsam;” even a repulse
 ‘ here is glorious; the worst that can be said of
 ‘ him is but as of Phaeton, “ Quam si non tenuit
 “ magnis tamen excidit ausis:” Though he could
 ‘ not command the chariot of the sun, his fall from
 ‘ it was illustrious. So far as I conceive, “ Hæc est
 “ sola nostra anchora, hæc jacenda est in nobis alea;”
 ‘ this is our only anchor; this die must be thrown.
 ‘ In our instability, “ Unum momentum est uno
 “ momento perfectum factum, ac dictam stabilitatem
 “ facere potest;” one lucky moment would crown
 ‘ and fix all. This, or else nothing is to be looked
 ‘ for but continual dalliance and doubtfulness, so far
 ‘ as I can see.

From Killingworth,
 Aug. 22. 1572.

‘ Your assured Friend,

‘ THOMAS SMITH.’

Though my Lady was in very good humour upon
 the insinuation that, according to the Elizabeth
 scheme, she was but just advanced above the charac-
 ter of a girl; I found the rest of the company as
 much disheartened, that they were still but mere
 girls: I went on, therefore, to attribute the imma-
 ture marriages which are solemnized in our days to

the importunity of the men, which made it impossible for young ladies to remain virgins so long as they wished from their own inclinations, and the freedom of a single life.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. Cardan, a grave philosopher and physician, confesses in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the raillery he suffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himself, were afflictions beyond expression. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to support my opinion of the irresistible power of women. He adds, in the same chapter, that there are ten thousand afflictions and disasters attend the passion itself; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vast expences to support her folly and vanity, every day reduce men to poverty and death: but he makes them of little consideration to the miserable and insignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of professing I am not surprized that the author has expressed himself after this manner, with relation to love: the heroic chastity so frequently professed by humorists of the fair sex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reason that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the inclinations of the sexes to each other. Daily experience shews us, that the most rude rustic grows humane as soon as he is inspired by this passion; it gives a new grace to
our

our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new visage to our persons : whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or address in our exercise, our improvement is hastened by a particular object whom we would please. Cheerfulness, gentleness, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all the virtues which adorn men, which inspire heroes, are most conspicuous in lovers : I speak of love as when such as are in this company are the objects of it, who can bestow upon their husbands (if they follow their excellent mother) all its joys without any of its anxieties.

N^o 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 20.

—*Animum rege*—

HOR. Ep. 2. l. i. v. 62.

Govern the mind.

A GUARDIAN cannot bestow his time in any office more suitable to his character, than in representing the disasters to which we are exposed by the irregularity of our passions. I think I speak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I observe that they make men do things unworthy of those very passions. I shall illustrate this by a story I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppressor, a most contemptible creature after his power is at an end ; and a person he oppressed so wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the pursuit of it he utterly neglected his own safety ; but when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a sense of danger, in such a manner, as to be unable to lay hold of occasions which offered themselves for certain security, and exposed himself from fear to apparent hazard. The motives which I speak of are not indeed so much to be called passions, as ill habits a-

rising from passions, such as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and are methinks but scorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my story.

Licenciado Esquivel, governor of the city Potosi, commanded two hundred men to march out of that garrison towards the kingdom of Tucuman, with strict orders to use no Indians in carrying their baggage, and placed himself at a convenient station without the gates, to observe how his orders were put in execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards, but thought fit to let them march by till the last rank of all came up, out of which he seized one man, called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods: within a few days after he was taken in arrest, he was sentenced to receive two hundred stripes. Aguire represented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate, with a vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a punishment of so much indignity. Licenciado persisted in the kind of punishment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he should not survive; and, though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to suffer so ignominious a death, humbly besought his Excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a person of an easy and tractable disposition, he was so changed by his office, that these applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his insolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding, with a haughty tone, that his orders should be executed that very instant. This, as it is usual on such occasions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring

abhorring the severity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and besought the governor to suspend, if not remit the punishment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the prison with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, stripped, and mounted on an ass, which is the posture wherein the basest criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, Take him off, take him off, and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and said, "All my endeavours have been to keep myself
" from mounting this beast, and from the shame of
" being seen naked; but since things are come thus
" far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less
" than the fears and apprehensions I shall have in
" these eight days ensuing; besides, I shall not
" need to give farther trouble to my friends for
" intercession on my behalf, which is as likely to be
" ineffectual as what hath already passed." After he had said this, the ass was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gauntlet according to the sentence. The calm manner in which he resigned himself, when he found his disgrace must be, and the scorn of dallying with it under a suspension of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it visible that he took comfort in some secret resolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be persuaded (though the inhabitants of Potocsi often importuned him, from the spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excused himself with a modest sadness in his countenance, saying, "That after such a shame as his was, death
" must be his only remedy and consolation, which he
" would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible."

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Esquivel expired ; after which, like a desperate man, he pursued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the shame of the late affront. Esquivel being informed of this desperate resolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, supposing that Aguire would not pursue him at such a distance ; but Esquivel's flight did but increase Aguire's speed in following. The first journey which Esquivel took was to the city of Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues distant ; but in less than fifteen days Aguire was there with him : whereupon Esquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues distant from Los Reyes ; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him ; which being intimated to Esquivel, he took another leap as far as Cozco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito ; but in a few days after he arrived there, came also Aguire, travelling all the way on foot, without shoes or stockings, saying, That it became not the condition of a whipped rascal to travel on horseback, or appear amongst men. In this manner did Aguire haunt and pursue Esquivel for three years and four months ; who being now tired and wearied with so many long and tedious journeys, resolved to fix his abode at Cozco, where he believed that Aguire would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a severe man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings ; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the street of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his sword and dagger, which were weapons not agreeable to his profession. However, Aguire followed.

followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he resolved to make the attempt upon him in his own house, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at last he came into his study, where Licenciado lay on a couch asleep. Aguire stabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leisurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the house in safety; but as his resentment was sated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehension he had not composure enough to fly to a sanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the street, frantic and distracted, proclaiming himself a criminal, by crying out, Hide me, hide me.

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the same person whom he had before treated with so much insolence, and the high resentment of a man so inconsiderable as Aguire, when much injured, are good admonitions to little spirits in exalted stations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

N^o 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

In tantas brevi creverant opes, seu maritimis seu terrestribus fructibus, seu multitudinis incremento, seu sanctitate disciplina.

LIV.

They rose in a short time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extensive commerce both by sea and land, by an increase of the people, and by the rigour of their laws and discipline.

MANY of the subjects of my papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the conversation, or learned from the conduct of a gentleman,

tleman, who has been very conversant in our family, by name Mr Charwell. This person was formerly a merchant in this city, who by exact œconomy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years since, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the estate which we usually call a plum. This was a sum so much beyond his first ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the town, and the business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchase of a nobleman's estate, not many miles distant from the country-seat of my Lady Lizard. From the neighbourhood our first acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with equal application on both sides. Mr Charwell visits very few gentlemen in the country; his most frequent airings in the summer time are visits to my Lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as soon as these are dispatched, he is sure to dine at her house, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I shall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years since he made the purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the conditions of the estate.

The estate then consisted of a good large old house, a park of two thousand acres, eight thousand acres more of land divided into farms; the land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and these the only consumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premises. A river running by the house, which was in the centre of the estate, but the same not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been opposed by the generality of the whole country. The roads excessive bad, and no possibility of getting off the tenants corn, but at such a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The under-
woods

woods
Lord's
of this
within
coals
the w
drug,
timber
men,
so thi
ing in
mult
tree
be g
land
all r
begg
well
his p
F
in f
dec
tion
a n
the
fan
he
ful
L
L

d
o
n
v

woods all destroyed to lay the country open to my Lord's pleasures ; but there was indeed the less want of this fuel, there being large coalpits in the estate, within two miles of the house, and such a plenty of coals as was sufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made these also a mere drug, and almost every man's for fetching. Many timber trees were still standing only for want of chappmen, very little being used for building in a country so thin of people, and those at a greater distance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they must be at the charge of land-carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place ; so was every acre of land in the park ; and as for the tenants, they were all racked to extremity, and almost every one of them beggars. All these things Mr Charwell knew very well, yet was not discouraged from going on with his purchase.

But, in the first place, he resolved that a hundred in family should not ruin him, as it had done his predecessor. Therefore, pretending to dislike the situation of the old house, he made choice of another at a mile distance, higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expence of four or five thousand pounds, and all the ornaments of the old house, he built a new one, with all convenient offices, more suitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my Lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal less than his Lordship's stables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with these inclosed only two hundred acres of it, near adjoining to his new house. The rest he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much dissatisfied with the loss of my Lord's family, which had been a constant market for great quantities of their
corn ;

corn; and with the disparking so much land, by which provisions were likely to be increased in so dispeopled a country. They were afraid they must be obliged, themselves, to consume the whole product of their farms, and that they should be soon undone, by the œconomy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr Charwell was sensible their fears were but too just; and that if neither their goods could be carried off to distant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants must run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point that could not be obtained by all the interest of his predecessor, and was, therefore, not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended, before he ventured upon his purchase. He had even then projected, in his thoughts, the plan of a great town, just below the old house; he therefore presently set himself about the execution of his project.

The thing has succeeded to his wish. In the space of twenty years, he is so fortunate as to see one thousand new houses upon his estate, and at least five thousand new people, men, women and children, inhabitants of those houses, who are comfortably subsisted by their own labour, without charge to Mr Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that such a body of people can be subsisted at less than 5*l.* *per* head, or 25,000*l.* *per annum*, the greatest part of which sum is annually expended for provisions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr Charwell are nearest of all others to the market, they have the best prices for their goods by all that is saved in the carriage.

But

But
will no
extrem
told, t
day fo
not m

Th
the co
been
estate
very
by th
load
cessa

A
to fu
as th
well
this
to h
ever
tion
pro

ly
far
of
na
of
th
to
p
a

n
i
f

But some provisions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the extreme parts of his lands; and I think I have been told, that for the single article of milk, at a pint every day for every house, his tenants take from this town not much less than 500*l. per annum*.

The soil of all kinds, which is made every year by the consumption of so great a town, I have heard has been valued at 200*l. per annum*. If this be true, the estate of Mr Charwell is so much improved in this very article, since all this is carried out upon his lands, by the back carriage of those very carts which were loaden by his tenants with provisions and other necessities for the people.

A hundred thousand bushels of coals are necessary to supply so great a multitude with yearly fuel. And as these are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr Charwell, he receives a penny for every bushel; so that this very article is an addition of 400*l. per annum* to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increasing, the revenues in the above-mentioned, and many other articles, are increasing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predecessor. The consumption of five thousand people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greatest families in Great Britain. The tenants stand in no need of distant markets, to take off the product of their farms; the people so near their own doors, are already more than they are able to supply; and what is wanting at home for this purpose is supplied from places at greater distance, at whatsoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an easy carriage for their corn to so good a market. The tenants of Mr Charwell, that they may have the whole market

to

to themselves, are almost the only persons against it. But they will not be long able to oppose it: their leases are near expiring: and as they are grown very rich, there are many other persons ready to take their farms at more than double the present rents, even though the river should be made navigable, and distant people let in to sell their provisions together with these farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himself, he is in no manner of pain lest his lands should fall in their value by the cheap carriage of provisions from distant places to this town. He knows very well, that cheapness of provisions was one great means of bringing together so great numbers, and that they must be held together by the same means. He seems to have nothing more in his thoughts, than to increase his town to such an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about shall be little enough to supply it. He considers, that at how great a distance soever provisions shall be brought thither, they must end at last in so much soil for his estate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragement and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what sort of people he has invited to live upon his estate, and how he has enabled them to subsist by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the subjects of some of my future PRECAUTIONS.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

March 16.

BY your paper of Saturday last, you give the town hopes that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poison vented under a pretence to Free-thinking. If you can spare
room

‘ room in your next Saturday’s paper for a few lines
‘ on the same subject, these are at your disposal.’

‘ I happened to be present at a public conversation
‘ of some of the defenders of this Discourse of Free-
‘ thinking, and others that differed from them ;
‘ where I had the diversion of hearing the same men
‘ in one breath persuade us to freedom of thought,
‘ and in the next offer to demonstrate that we had no
‘ freedom in any thing. One would think men should
‘ blush to find themselves entangled in a greater
‘ contradiction than any the Discourse ridicules.
‘ This principle of free fatality or necessary liberty
‘ is a worthy fundamental of the new sect ; and
‘ indeed this opinion is an evidence and clearness
‘ so nearly related to Transubstantiation, that the
‘ same genius seems requisite for either. It is fit
‘ the world should know how far reason abandons
‘ men that would employ it against religion ; which
‘ intention, I hope, justifies this trouble from,

‘ S I R,

‘ your hearty Well-wisher,

‘ M^Y S A T H E U S.’

N^o 10. MONDAY, MARCH 23.

Venit ad me sepe clamitans—

Vestitu nimium indulges, nimium ineptus es ;

Nimium ipse est durus prater aquumque et bonum.

TER. *Adelph. Act. I. Sc. I.*

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I
do wrong to indulge him so much in the article of dress : but the
fault lies in his own excessive and unreasonable severity.

W H E N I am in deep meditation, in order to
give my Wards proper PRECAUTIONS, I
have a principal regard to the prevalence of things
VOL. I. E which

which people of merit neglect, and from which those of no merit raise to themselves an esteem. Of this nature is the business of Dress. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depressed or exalted from the perfections or disadvantages of his person. However, there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the possession of an ample fortune could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance, more suddenly, than by sobriety in his habit; as this is winning at first sight, so a person gorgeously fine, which in itself should avoid the attraction of the beholders eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my business, when my Lady Lizard's youngest daughter, Miss Molly, is making clothes, to consider her from head to foot, and cannot be easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dress, which by its darkness or liveliness might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can; but it is also a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiscretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every day's experience shews us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impressions too favourable, and too disadvantageous of men at first sight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great consideration, and I shall consider it in my future PRECAUTIONS as such. As to the female world, I shall give them my opinion at large by way of comment upon a new suit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I design it a model for the Ladies. She and I have had
three

three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myself a fellow of Lincoln-College, that there is at last in one of our universities risen a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the College as unable to put on our own clothes as we do from nurse. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardness in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of these less matters. For this reason I shall authorise and support the gentleman who writes me the following letter : and though out of diffidence of the reception his proposal should meet with from me, he has given himself too ludicrous a figure ; I doubt not but from his notices to make men who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant ; and such as can, to be truly knowing without appearing bookish.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

Oxford, March 18, 1712-13.

I FORESEE that you will have many correspondents in this place ; but as I have often observed, with grief of heart, that scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the science I profess, I flatter myself, that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my study, Sir, in these seats of learning, to look into the nature of dress, and am what they call an Academical Beau. I have often lamented, that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, since, by that means, I have not an opportunity to introduce fashions amongst our young gentlemen ; and so am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who know me, to appear in print. I have indeed met with some success in the projects I have communicated to some sparks with whom I am intimate ; and I

‘ cannot without a secret triumph confess, that the
 ‘ sleeves turned up with green velvet, which now
 ‘ flourish throughout the university, sprung origi-
 ‘ nally from my invention.

‘ As it is necessary to have the head clear, as well
 ‘ as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of
 ‘ learning, I rarely mingle with the men, (for I ab-
 ‘ hor wine) but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies.
 ‘ I know every part of their dress, and can name all
 ‘ their things by their names. I am consulted about
 ‘ every ornament they buy; and, I speak it without
 ‘ vanity, have a very pretty fancy to knots and the
 ‘ like. Sometimes I take a needle, and spot a piece
 ‘ of muslin for pretty Patty Cross-stitch, who is my
 ‘ present favourite, which, she says, I do neatly e-
 ‘ nough; or read one of your papers, and explain
 ‘ the motto, which they all like mightily. But then
 ‘ I am a sort of petty tyrant amongst them, for I
 ‘ own I have my humours. If any thing be amiss,
 ‘ they are sure Mr Sleek will find fault; if any hoity-
 ‘ toity things make a fuss, they are sure to be taken
 ‘ to pieces the next visit. I am the dread of poor
 ‘ Celia, whose wrapping-gown is not right India;
 ‘ and am avoided by Thalastris in her second-hand
 ‘ mantua, which several Masters of Arts think very
 ‘ fine, whereas I perceived it had been scoured with
 ‘ half an eye.

‘ Thus have I endeavoured to improve my under-
 ‘ standing, and am desirous to communicate my in-
 ‘ nocent discoveries to those, who, like me, may di-
 ‘ stinguish themselves more to advantage by their bo-
 ‘ dies than their minds. I do not think the pains I
 ‘ have taken, in these my studies, thrown away,
 ‘ since, by these means, though I am not very va-
 ‘ luable, I am, however, not disagreeable. Would
 ‘ gentlemen but reflect upon what I say, they would
 ‘ take care to make the best of themselves; for I
 ‘ think it intolerable that a blockhead should be a
 ‘ sloven.

‘ sloven. Though every man cannot fill his head
‘ with learning, it is in any one’s power to wear a
‘ pretty periwig; let him who cannot say a witty
‘ thing, keep his teeth white at least; he who hath
‘ no knack at writing sonnets, may, however, have
‘ a soft hand; and he may arch his eye-brows, who
‘ hath not strength of genius for the mathematics.

‘ After the conclusion of the peace we shall un-
‘ doubtedly have new fashions from France; and I
‘ have some reason to think, that some particulari-
‘ ties in the garb of their Abbesses may be transplant-
‘ ed hither to advantage. What I find becoming
‘ in their dress, I hope I may, without the imputa-
‘ tion of being popishly inclined, adopt into our
‘ habits; but would willingly have the authority of
‘ the Guardian to countenance me in this harmless
‘ design. I would not hereby assume to myself a
‘ jurisdiction over any of our youth, but such as are
‘ incapable of improvement any other way. As for
‘ the awkward creatures that mind their studies, I
‘ look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the a-
‘ forementioned order of men, I desire a commission
‘ from you to exercise full authority. Hereby I shall
‘ be enabled from time to time to introduce several
‘ pretty oddnesses in the taking and tucking up of
‘ gowns, to regulate the dimensions of wigs, to vary
‘ the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the
‘ hems of bands, as I shall think most for the pub-
‘ lic good.

‘ I have prepared a treatise against the cravat
‘ and bardash, which I am told is not ill done; and
‘ have thrown together some hasty observations upon
‘ stockings, which my friends assure me I need not
‘ be ashamed of. But I shall not offer them to the
‘ public, till they are approved of at our female
‘ club; which I am the more willing to do, because
‘ I am sure of their praise; for they own I under-
‘ stand these things better than they do. I shall

‘ herein be very proud of your encouragement ; for
 ‘ next to keeping the university clean, my greatest
 ‘ ambition is to be thought,

‘ S I R,

‘ your most obedient,

‘ humble servant,

‘ SIMON SLEEK.’

N^o 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24.

—*Huc propius me,
 Dum doceo insauire omnes, vos ordine addite.*

HOR. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 80.

Attend my lecture, whilst I plainly show,
 That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the sharpness of it ; and an address in flattery, which makes it agreeable tho’ never so gross. But of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues he does it for your sake ; the most winning circumstance in the world being the conformity of manners. I speak of this as a practice necessary in gaining people of sense, who are not yet given up to self-conceit ; those who are far gone in admiration of themselves need not be treated with so much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleasant and uncommon light. The author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us against it by exhorting us to it.

To

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

AS you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to remove phrenzies, but one who makes it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age or quality soever, with success. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my OBSEQUIUM CATHOLICON, or the GRAND ELIXIR to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful in the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or play-house as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust

‘ distrust so as never to return, and so exhilarate the
 ‘ brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give
 ‘ the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of be-
 ‘ haviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own
 ‘ capacities.

‘ Let a person be never so far gone, I advise him
 ‘ not to despair; even though he has been troubled
 ‘ many years with restless reflections, which by long
 ‘ neglect have hardened into settled consideration.
 ‘ Those that have been stung with satire may here
 ‘ find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses
 ‘ all the remains of poison that has been left in the
 ‘ understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart
 ‘ against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy
 ‘ of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons;
 ‘ as has been often experienced by several persons of
 ‘ both sexes, during the seasons of Tunbridge and
 ‘ the Bath.

‘ I could, as farther instances of my success, pro-
 ‘ duce certificates and testimonials from the favour-
 ‘ ites and ghostly fathers of the most eminent prin-
 ‘ ces of Europe; but shall content myself with the
 ‘ mention of a few cures, which I have performed
 ‘ by this my Grand Universal Restorative, during
 ‘ the practice of one month only since I came to this
 ‘ city.

CURES in the month of February, 1713.

‘ George Spondee, Esq; poet, and inmate of the
 ‘ parish of St Paul’s, Covent-garden, fell into vio-
 ‘ lent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He
 ‘ had been frightened into a vertigo by the sound of cat-
 ‘ calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on
 ‘ the second made him unable to endure the bare
 ‘ pronounciation of the letter S. I searched into the
 ‘ causes of his distemper; and by the prescription of
 ‘ a dose of my OBSEQUIUM, prepared *secundum ar-*
 ‘ *tem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness.

‘ I cast

‘ I cast in at proper intervals the words, “ Ill taste
 “ of the town, Envy of critics, Bad performance of
 “ the actors,” and the like. He is so perfectly cur-
 ‘ ed, that he has promised to bring another play up-
 ‘ on the stage next winter.

‘ A Lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St
 ‘ James’s, Westminster, who hath desired her name
 ‘ may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase
 ‘ of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered
 ‘ by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a
 ‘ cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of
 ‘ praise of her virtue, I threw the Lady into an a-
 ‘ greeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of
 ‘ her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her
 ‘ look with patience on the very gentleman that of-
 ‘ fended.

‘ Hilaria, of the parish of St Giles’s in the Fields,
 ‘ a coquette of long practice, was by the reprimand
 ‘ of an old maiden reduced to look grave in com-
 ‘ pany, and deny herself the play of the fan. In
 ‘ short, she was brought to such melancholy circum-
 ‘ stances, that she would sometimes unawares fall in-
 ‘ to devotion at church. I advised her to take a few
 ‘ innocent freedoms with occasional kisses, prescrib-
 ‘ ed her the exercise of the eyes, and immediately
 ‘ raised her to her former state of life. She on a
 ‘ sudden recovered her dimples, furred her fan,
 ‘ threw round her glances, and for these two Sun-
 ‘ days last past has not once been seen in an attentive
 ‘ posture. This the church-wardens are ready to at-
 ‘ test upon oath.

‘ Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, mo-
 ‘ hock, was almost induced by an aged benchler of
 ‘ the same house to leave off bright conversation,
 ‘ and pore over Coke upon Littleton. He was so ill
 ‘ that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day
 ‘ in the last term at Westminster-hall. This patient
 ‘ had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by
 ‘ the

‘ the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in
 ‘ his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored
 ‘ him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He
 ‘ is at present very easy in his condition.

‘ I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days
 ‘ last past ; but rather proceed to exhort all persons
 ‘ of whatever age, complexion or quality, to take
 ‘ as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil ;
 ‘ which applied at the ear seizes all the senses with a
 ‘ most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects,
 ‘ not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all
 ‘ who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chamber-maids,
 ‘ valets, or any the most ignorant domestic ; it being
 ‘ one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is
 ‘ most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is, or
 ‘ appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary
 ‘ for Ladies to take a dose of it just before they take
 ‘ coach to go a visiting.

‘ But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I
 ‘ trespass on any of your time. Give me leave then,
 ‘ Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a dram
 ‘ or two of my oil : though I have cause to fear my
 ‘ prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I
 ‘ could wish : therefore I do not endeavour to bribe
 ‘ you in my favour by the present of my oil, but
 ‘ wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity ; which, I hope, will recommend to the world
 ‘ the useful endeavours of,

‘ S I R,

‘ your most obedient, most faithful, most devoted,

‘ most humble servant and admirer,

‘ GNATHO.’

† Beware

† Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

‘ N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications ; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

‘ I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses.’

Nº 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25.

Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt :

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus—

HOR. Ep. I. l. 2. v. 84.

IMITATED.

You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad shou'd match his father's skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still.

POPE.

WHEN a poem makes its first appearance in the world, I have always observed, that it gives employment to a greater number of critics, than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that most men, at some time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge ; or whether they imagine that their making shrewd observations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure ; or whether there may not be some jealousy and caution in bestowing applause upon those who write chiefly for fame. Whatever the reasons be, we find few discouraged by the delicacy and danger of such an undertaking.

I think

I think it certain that most men are naturally not only capable of being pleased with that which raises agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing also to own it. But then there are many, who, by false applications of some rules ill-understood, or out of deference to men whose opinions they value, have formed to themselves certain schemes and systems of satisfaction, and will not be pleased out of their own way. These are not critics themselves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of perusing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know just as much of the several species of poetry, as those who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. These gentlemen deliver their opinions sententiously, and in general terms; to which it being impossible readily to frame complete answers, they have often the satisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young persons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aside by these tyrants in wit; I shall examine two or three of the many stratagems they use, and subjoin such precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby

The first I shall take notice of, is, an objection commonly offered, *viz.* "That such a poem hath indeed some good lines in it: but it is not regular piece." This for the most part is urged by those whose knowledge is drawn from some famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot subsist without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epistles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthusiasm in odes, and the freedom of epistles, is rarely disputed: but I have often heard the poems upon public occasions written in heroic verse, which I chuse to call Panegyrics, severely censured upon this account; the reason where-

of

of I cannot guess, unless it be, that because they are written in the same kind of numbers and spirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the same regularity. Now an epic poem consisting chiefly in narration, it is necessary that the incidents should be related in the same order that they are supposed to have been transacted. But in works of the above-mentioned kind, there is no more reason that such order should be observed, than that an oration should be as methodical as an history. I think it sufficient that the great hints, suggested from the subject, be so disposed, that the first may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and so on; and that their places cannot be changed, without disadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that sometimes gentle deviations, sometimes bold, and even abrupt digressions, where the dignity of the subject seems to give the impulse, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main design, are marks of address and dexterity.

Another artifice made use of by pretenders to criticism, is an insinuation, "That all that is good is borrowed from the ancients." This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to describe the general's horse at the battle of Blenheim as my fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horse of his hero; it would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stolen my description from Virgil, as to reproach the Duke of Marlborough for fighting only like Æneas. All that the most exquisite judgment can perform is, out of that great variety of circumstances, wherein natural objects may be considered,

to select the most beautiful ; and to place images in such views and lights, as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty superadded in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in his first reading such an author. Such copyings as these give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple ; where the eye is not more charmed with the symmetry of the parts, than the mind by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phrases of holy writ, and allusions to several passages in the inspired writings, (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit : in like manner, an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

The last observation I shall make at present, is upon the disgust taken by those critics, who put on their clothes prettily, and dislike every thing that is not written WITH EASE. I hereby, therefore, give the genteel part of the learned world to understand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in language suitable to it, is written with ease. There are some things which must be written with strength, which nevertheless are easy. The statue of the gladiator, though represented in such a posture as strains every muscle, is as easy as that of Venus ; because the one expresses strength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and softness. The passions are sometimes to be roused, as well as the fancy to be entertained ; and the soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as soothed. This
often

often requires a raised figurative stile ; which readers of low apprehensions, or soft and languid dispositions (having heard of the words *fustian* and *bombast*) are apt to reject as stiff and affected language. But nature and reason appoint different garbs for different things ; and since I write this to the men of dress, I will ask them if a soldier who is to mount a breach, should be adorned like a beau, who is spruced up for a ball ?

N^o 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 26.

*Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere satius esse credo, quam metu.*

TER. *Adelph. Act. I. Sc. I.*

I esteem it better to keep children in awe by a sense of shame, and a condescension to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had some account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger sons. These are the branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houses, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as those from whence they are derived. For this reason it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in those accomplishments we call their exercise, in the sports of the field, or in letters. Mr Thomas, the second son, does not follow any of these with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he

converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four-and-twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his play-fellows or friends.

His thoughts, and present applications, are to get into a court-life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed. For he has joined to this complacency of manners, a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life; wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection, to avoid controversies arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper, has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women; he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. I do not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction he recounts. For you see it only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense of it by his manner of representing it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are made ridiculous instead of odious, and you see every thing
in

in the most good-natured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an ill-natured thing. He is with all his acquaintance the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference; and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable Referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed by each opposite, in a private manner, to feel the pulse of the adversary; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter by any one whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have begun a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship, to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and consequently confer a greater measure of their good-will upon the interposer. I must repeat, that, above all, my young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks, and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr William, the next brother, is not of this smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, insomuch, that if it were not to be expected, that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him

any pretensions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think, that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced men take any particular person for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in such things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute success, and not to the real causes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a just sufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce some motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his first appearance, when it is not well even from the serjeant of the greatest weight and dignity. But I will, at this time, with an hint only of his way of life, leave Mr William at his study in the Temple.

The youngest son, Mr John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour, to be chosen, last election, fellow of All-Souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his person; has height, strength, vigour, and a certain cheerfulness and serenity that creates a sort of love, which people at first sight observe is ripening into esteem. He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in speech or writing, whatever he has earnestly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himself to the service of his Creator; and with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man shine in a court, or command in a camp, he is resolved to go into holy orders. He is inspired with

with a
a regar
scorn o
when i
able a
from a
the se
prepa
gives
extra
his in
on an
not
sent
ratio
of h
lege

"

W
N

with a true sense of that function, when chosen from a regard to the interests of piety and virtue, and a scorn of whatever men call great in a transitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a passion to glory, whatever they would do for the service of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to achieve for the salvation of souls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Christian world, is, that his invention, his memory, judgment and imagination are always employed upon this one view; and I do not doubt, but in my future PRECAUTIONS to present the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations, compiled by this young man on the subject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

N^o 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 27.

"*Nec scit qua sit iter, nec si sciat imperet.*"——

OVID. *Met. l. 2. v. 170.*

——Nor did he know

Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;

Nor wou'd the horses, had he known, obey.

ADDISON.

To the GUARDIAN.

' SIR,

' YOU having in your first paper declared, among
' other things, that you will publish whatever
' you think may conduce to the advancement of the
' conversation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you
' will give my young masters, when I have told you
' their age, condition, and how they lead their lives,
' and who, though I say it, are as docile as any youths
' in

' in Europe, a lesson which they very much want, to
 ' restrain them from the infection of bad company,
 ' and squandering away their time in idle and un-
 ' worthy pursuits. A word from you, I am very
 ' well assured, will prevail more with them than any
 ' remonstrance they will meet with at home. The
 ' eldest is now about seventeen years of age, and the
 ' younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to
 ' plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father
 ' and mother, and also a governor, but come very
 ' seldom (except against their wills) in the sight of
 ' any of them. That which I observe they have
 ' most relish to, is horses and cock-fighting; which
 ' they too too well understand, being almost positive at
 ' first sight to tell you which horse will win the match,
 ' and which cock the battle; and if you are of ano-
 ' ther opinion, will lay you what you please on their
 ' own, and it is odds but you lose. What I fear to
 ' be the greatest prejudice to them, is their keeping
 ' much closer to their horses heels than their books,
 ' and conversing more with their stablemen and lac-
 ' keys, than with their relations and gentlemen:
 ' and I apprehend, are at this time better skilled how
 ' to hold the reins, and drive a coach, than to trans-
 ' late a verse in Virgil or Horace. For the other
 ' day taking a walk abroad, they met accidentally
 ' in the fields with two young ladies, whose conver-
 ' sation they were very much pleased with; and be-
 ' ing desirous to ingratiate themselves further into
 ' their favour, prevailed with them, though they
 ' had never seen them before in their lives, to take
 ' the air in a coach of their father's which waited
 ' for them at the end of Gray's-Inn Lane. The
 ' youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the
 ' coachman to wait at the town's end till they came
 ' back. One of our young gentlemen got up before,
 ' and the other behind, to act the parts they had
 ' long, by the direction and example of their com-

' rades,

' rades,
 ' and fo
 ' ments
 ' PREC
 ' great
 ' in y
 ' at w

' I
 ' it
 ' b
 ' v
 ' v
 ' c
 ' r
 ' c
 ' c
 ' c
 ' c
 ' c

‘ rades, taken much pains to qualify themselves for,
 ‘ and so galloped off. What these mean entertain-
 ‘ ments will end in, it is impossible to foresee; but a
 ‘ PRECAUTION upon that subject might prevent very
 ‘ great calamities in a very worthy family, who take
 ‘ in your papers, and might, perhaps, be alarmed
 ‘ at what you lay before them upon this subject.

‘ I am, S I R,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ T. S.

To the GUARDIAN.

‘ S I R,

‘ I WRIT to you on the 21st of this month,
 ‘ I which you did not think fit to take notice of;
 ‘ it gives me the greater trouble that you did not,
 ‘ because I am confident the father of the young lads,
 ‘ whom I mentioned, would have considered how far
 ‘ what was said in my letter concerned himself; up-
 ‘ on which it is now too late to reflect. His inge-
 ‘ nious son, the coachman, aged seventeen years, has
 ‘ since that time run away with, and married one of
 ‘ the girls I spoke of in my last. The manner of
 ‘ carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out
 ‘ of the younger brother, who is almost sixteen, still
 ‘ a bachelor, was as follows. One of the young
 ‘ women whom they met in the fields seemed very
 ‘ much taken with my master the elder son, and
 ‘ was prevailed with to go into a cake-house not far
 ‘ off the town. The girl it seems acted her part so
 ‘ well, as to enamour the boy, and make him in-
 ‘ quisitive into her place of abode, with all other
 ‘ questions which were necessary toward fur-
 ‘ ther intimacy. The matter was so managed, that
 ‘ the lad was made to believe there was no possibility
 ‘ of

' of conversing with her, by reason of a very severe
 ' mother, but with the utmost caution. What, it
 ' seems, made the mother, forsooth, the more sus-
 ' picious, was, that because the men said her daugh-
 ' ter was pretty, somebody or other would persuade
 ' her to marry while she was too young to know how
 ' to govern a family. By what I can learn from
 ' pretences as shallow as this, she appeared so far
 ' from having a design upon her lover, that it seem-
 ' ed impracticable to him to get her, except it were
 ' carried on with much secrecy and skill. Many
 ' were the interviews these lovers had in four and
 ' twenty hours time : for it was managed by the mo-
 ' ther, that he should run in and out as unobserved
 ' by her, and the girl be called in every other in-
 ' stant into the next room, and rated (that she could
 ' not stay in a place) in his hearing. The young
 ' gentleman was at last so much in love, as to be
 ' thought by the daughter engaged far enough to
 ' put it to the venture that he could not live without
 ' her. It was now time for the mother to appear,
 ' who surprised the lovers together in private, and
 ' banished the youth her house. What is not in the
 ' power of love ! the charioteer, attended by his
 ' faithful friend the younger brother, got out the o-
 ' ther morning a little earlier than ordinary, and
 ' having made a sudden friendship with a lad of their
 ' own age by the force of ten shillings, who drove
 ' an hackney coach, the elder brother took his post
 ' in the coach-box, where he could act with a great
 ' deal of skill and dexterity, and waited at the cor-
 ' ner of the street where his mistress lived, in hopes
 ' of carrying her off under that disguise. The whole
 ' day was spent in expectation of an opportunity ;
 ' but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a
 ' distant window, which was answered by a brandish
 ' of his whip, and a compass taken to drive round,
 ' and show his activity, and readiness to convey her

where

' where
 ' proach
 ' coach
 ' tress
 ' seven
 ' down
 ' gain.
 ' hack
 ' atten
 ' whor
 ' down
 ' call
 ' hour
 ' ful
 ' send
 ' shou
 ' par
 ' last
 ' bro
 ' just
 ' fid
 ' ma
 ' ad
 ' of
 ' as
 ' no
 ' w
 ' a
 ' n
 ' t
 ' f
 ' r

‘ where she should command him. Upon the approach of the evening, a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his mistress and her mother should take coach exactly at seven o’clock ; but that the mother was to be set down, and the daughter to go further, and call again. The happy minute came at last, when our hack had the happiness to take in his expected fare, attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had first met her. The mother was set down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when she came from her cousin’s an hour afterwards. The mother was not so unskillful as not to have instructed her daughter whom to send for, and how to behave herself when her lover should urge her consent. We yet know no further particulars, but that my young master was married last night at Knightsbridge, in the presence of his brother and two or three other persons ; and that just before the ceremony, he took his brother aside, and asked him to marry the other young woman. Now, Sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure ; but only observe, that if the education of this compound creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not, perhaps, been so forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a husband. However, as the whole town will in a day or two know the names, persons, and other circumstances, I think this properly lies before your guardianship to consider for the admonition of others ; but my young master’s fate is irrevocable.

‘ I am,

‘ S I R,

‘ your most humble servant.’

N^o 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 28.

— *sibi quisvis* —
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraue laboret,
Aufus idem ————— *HOR. Ars Poet. v. 240.*

All men will try, and hope to write as well
 And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd. ROSCOMMON.

I CAME yesterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verses upon love and friendship. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and disposition of the lines might distinguish that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confusion in her face, she told me I might read them if I pleased, and so withdrew. By the hand, at first sight, I could not guess whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my spectacles, and perused them carefully, I found by some peculiar modes in spelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female sonnet. I have since learned, that she hath a correspondent in the country who is as bookish as herself; that they write to one another by the names of Astrea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their easy lines. As I should be loath to have a poetess in our family, and yet am unwilling harshly to cross the bent of a young lady's genius, I chose rather to throw together some thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is distinguished by the name of EASY, than to risk the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by exposing her work to public view.

I have

I have said, in a foregoing paper, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in a language suitable to it, is written with ease : which I offered in answer to those who ask for ease in all kinds of poetry ; and it is so far true, as it states the notion of easy writing in general, as that is opposed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an easy mien, and easy dress, peculiarly so called ; so there is an easy sort of poetry. In order to write easily, it is necessary, in the first place, to think easily. Now, according to different subjects, men think differently. Anger, fury, and the rough passions, awaken strong thoughts ; glory, grandeur, power, raise great thoughts ; love, melancholy, solitude, and whatever gently touches the soul, inspire easy thoughts.

Of the thoughts suggested by these gentle subjects, there are some which may be set off by stile and ornament : Others there are, which the more simply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expressed, give the soul proportionably the more pleasing emotions. The figures of stile added to them serve only to hide a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here, not only liveliness of fancy is requisite to exhibit a great variety of images ; but also niceness of judgment, to cull out those which, without the advantage of foreign art, will shine by their own intrinsic beauty. By these means, whatsoever seems to demand labour being rejected, that only which appears to be easy and natural will come in ; and so art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of easy writing.

I will suppose an author to be really possessed with the passion which he writes upon, and then we shall see how he would acquit himself. This I take to be the safest way to form a judgment of him : since, if he be not truly moved, he must at least work up his imagination as near as possible, to resemble reality.

I chuse to instance in love, which is observed to have produced the most finished performances in this kind. A lover will be full of sincerity, that he may be believed by his mistress; he will therefore think simply: he will express himself perspicuously, that he may not perplex her; he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by a head undisturbed; and points of wit and fancy are the work of an heart at ease: These two dangers then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The selecting proper circumstances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the finest secrets of all poetry; but the recollection of little circumstances is the lover's sole meditation, and relating them pleasantly, the business of his life. Accordingly we find that the most celebrated authors of this rank excel in love-verses. Out of ten thousand instances I shall name one, which I think the most delicate and tender I ever saw.

" To myself I sigh often, without knowing why;

" And when absent from Phyllis, methinks I could die."

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of these lines; and every one, who now feels that passion, actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced, it appears how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy writings fall into the hands of an ordinary reader, they appear to him so natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks indeed simply; but the thoughts, not being chosen with judgment, are not beautiful: he, it is true, expresses himself plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what self-denial must he undergo, when bright points of wit occur to his fancy! how difficult will he find it to reject florid phrases, and pretty embellishments

lishmen
things,
quired
very w
tated
membe
day, t
him, i
should
me a v
' Mr.

I sh
floral
easy
ill sue
in a l
subje

Si

B

T
gu
hav
lov
for
an
ab
th
c

lishments of stile ! so true it is, that simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied, and ease to be acquired with the greatest labour. Our family knows very well how ill Lady Flame looked, when she imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black suit. And, I remember, when Frank Courtly was saying the other day, that any man might write easy, I only asked him, if he thought it possible that Squire Hawthorn should ever come into a room as he did ? He made me a very handsome bow, and answered with a smile, ‘ Mr. Ironside, you have convinced me.’

I shall conclude this paper by observing, that Pastoral poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy writing, hath the oftenest been attempted with ill success of any sort whatsoever. I shall therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that subject to the public.

N^o 16. MONDAY, MARCH 30.

———*Ne forte pudori*
Sit tibi musa lyra solers, et cantor Apollo.

HOR. *Ars Poet.* v. 406.

Blush not to patronize the muse’s skill.

TWO mornings ago a gentleman came in to my Lady Lizard’s tea-table, who is distinguished in town by the good taste he is known to have in polite writings, especially such as relate to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had something odd and grotesque in it, though his air and manner were genteel and easy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies, in complaisance to him, turned the discourse to poetry. This soon gave him an occasion of producing two new songs to the company ;

G 2

which,

which, he said, he would venture to recommend as complete performances. The first, continued he, is by a Gentleman of an unrival'd reputation in every kind of writing; and the second by a Lady who does me the honour to be in love with me, because I am not handsome. Mrs. Annabella upon this (who never lets slip an occasion of doing sprightly things) gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and a thumb, and snatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then casting her eye over it with a seeming impatience, she read us the songs; and in a very obliging manner, desired the Gentleman would let her have a copy of them, together with his judgment upon songs in general; that I may be able, said she, to judge of gallantries of this nature, if ever it should be my fortune to have a poetical lover. The Gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella the very next morning, when she was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a spruce valet de chambre.

The First SONG.

I.

ON Belvidera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,
The cold regardless maid to move,
With unavailing pray'rs I sue:
"You first have taught me how to love,
"Ah teach me to be happy too!"

II.

But she, alas! unkindly wife,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
"Tis every prudent maid's concern
"Her lover's fondness to improve;
"If to be happy you shall learn,
"You quickly would forget to love."

The Second SONG.

I.

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes;

The

The charms that have subdu'd my heart,
Another may despise.

II.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright :
Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

III.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

IV.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire :
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind ;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

TO MRS. ANNABELLA LIZARD.

' M A D A M,

' **T**O let you see how absolute your commands
' are over me, and to convince you of the o-
' pinion I have of your good sense, I shall, without
' any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts
' upon Song-writing, in the same order as they have
' occurred to me. Only allow me, in my own de-
' fence, to say, that I do not remember ever to have
' met with any piece of criticism upon this subject ;
' so that if I err, or seem singular in my opinions,
' you will be the more at liberty to differ from them,
' since I do not pretend to support them by any au-
' thority.

' In all ages, and in every nation where poetry
' has been in fashion, the tribe of sonneteers hath

' been very numerous. Every pert young fellow
 ' that has a moving fancy, and the least gingle of
 ' verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and
 ' resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress.
 ' What a world of insipid productions in this kind
 ' have we been pestered with since the revolution, to
 ' go no higher! This, no doubt, proceeds in a great
 ' measure, from not forming a right judgment of the
 ' nature of these little compositions. It is true, they
 ' do not require an elevation of thought, nor any ex-
 ' traordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge;
 ' but then they demand great regularity, and the ut-
 ' most nicety; an exact purity of stile, with the most
 ' easy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected
 ' turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design.
 ' Greater works cannot well be without some inequa-
 ' lities and oversights, and they are in them pardon-
 ' able; but a song loses all its lustre, if it be not
 ' polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest
 ' blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the
 ' whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little
 ' image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches
 ' of the pencil, a gloss and a smoothness, with those
 ' delicate finishing strokes, which would be superflu-
 ' ous and thrown away upon larger figures, where
 ' the strength and boldness of a masterly hand gives
 ' all the grace.

' Since you may have recourse to the French and
 ' English translations, you will not accuse me of pe-
 ' dantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon,
 ' and Horace, in some of his shorter lyrics, are the
 ' completest models for little odes or sonnets. You
 ' will find them generally pursuing a single thought
 ' in their songs, which is driven to a point, without
 ' those interruptions and deviations so frequent in the
 ' modern writers of this order. To do justice to the
 ' French, there is no living language that abounds
 ' so much in good songs. The genius of the people,
 ' and

' and the idiom of their tongue, seems adapted to
 ' compositions of this sort. Our writers generally
 ' crowd into one song, materials enough for several;
 ' and so they starve every thought, by endeavouring
 ' to nurse up more than one at a time. They give
 ' you a string of imperfect sonnets, instead of one
 ' finished piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller (whose
 ' beauties cannot be too much admired) sometimes
 ' falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are
 ' more defective in their songs, through a redundan-
 ' cy of wit, than Dr. Donne and Mr. Cowley. In
 ' them, one point of wit flashes so fast upon another,
 ' that the reader's attention is dazzled by the conti-
 ' nual sparkling of their imagination; you find a new
 ' design started almost in every line, and you come to
 ' the end without the satisfaction of seeing any one
 ' of them executed.

' A song should be conducted like an epigram;
 ' and the only difference between them is, that the one
 ' does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually
 ' employed upon satirical occasions; whereas the bu-
 ' siness of the other, for the most part, is to express,
 ' (as my Lord Roscommon translates it from Horace)

" Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine."

' I shall conclude what I have to say upon this sub-
 ' ject, by observing, that the French do very often
 ' confound the song and the epigram, and take the
 ' one reciprocally for the other. An instance of
 ' which I shall give you in a remarkable epigram
 ' which passes current abroad for an excellent song.

" Tu parles mal par tout de moi,

" Je dis du bien par tout de toi;

" Quel malheur est le notre !

" L'on ne croit ni l'un ni l'autre."

' For the satisfaction of such of your friends as
 ' may not understand the original, I shall venture to
 ' translate it after my fashion, so as to keep strictly
 ' to

‘ to the turn of thought, at the expence of losing
 ‘ something in the poetry and verification.

‘ Thou speakest always ill of me,
 ‘ I speak always well of thee :
 ‘ But spite of all our noise and pother,
 ‘ The world believes nor one nor t’other.’

‘ Thus, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply
 ‘ with your commands; not out of any vanity of erect-
 ‘ ing myself into a critic, but out of an earnest de-
 ‘ fire of being thought, upon all occasions,

‘ your most obedient servant.’

N^o 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 31.

—*Minimumque libidine peccant.*

JUN. SAT. 6. v. 134.

Lust is the smallest sin they own.

DRYDEN.

IF it were possible to bear up against the force of
 ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people,
 for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred
 things, a man might say, that the time we now are
 in * is set apart for humiliation; and all our actions
 should at present more particularly tend that way.
 I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine,
 who was also most exactly well-bred, told his con-
 gregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouch-
 safe to give their lives a new turn, they must certain-
 ly go to a place which he did not think fit to name
 in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that
 gentleman. I would, if possible, represent the er-
 rors of life, especially those arising from what we
 call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of
 pleasure may read me. In this case, I must not
 be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin
 as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if
 therefore

* *Viz.* Lent.

therefore I should call my present PRECAUTION, "A Criticism upon Fornication;" and by representing the unjust taste they have, who affect that way of pleasure, bring a distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their satisfactions. I will be bold, then, to lay it down for a rule, That he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight by pursuing it, than he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the stewes, there is no one but will allow this assertion at first sight: but if it will appear, that they who deal with those of the sex who are less profligate, descend to greater basenesses than if they frequented brothels, it should, methinks, bring this iniquity under some discountenance. The rake who, without sense of character or decency, wallows and ranges in common houses, is guilty no farther than of prostituting himself, and exposing his health to diseases; but the man of gallantry cannot pursue his pleasures without treachery to some man he ought to love, and making despicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit; to reflect upon the dishonour you do some husband, father, or brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumstances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any sense of honour very painful mortification. What more need be said against a gentleman's delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base man in pursuing it? when it is thoroughly considered, he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant. Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find, that those whom they most esteemed, are of a sudden become the most disagreeable companions; nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is said, people who have the plague, have a delight in communicating the infection; in like manner, the
sense

sense of shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the destruction of others. And women are pleased to introduce more women into the same condition, though they can have no other satisfaction from it, than that the infamy is shared among greater numbers, which they flatter themselves eases the burden of each particular person.

It is a most melancholy consideration, that for momentary sensations of joy, obtained by stealth, men are forced into a constraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impossibility in this case to be faithful to one person, without being false to all the rest of the world: the gay figures in which poetical men of loose morals have placed this kind of stealth are but feeble consolations, when a man is inclined to soliloquy, or meditation upon his past life; flashes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Disease, sickness, and misfortune are what all men living are liable to; it is therefore ridiculous and mad to pursue, instead of shunning, what must add to our anguish under disease, sickness, or misfortune. It is possible there may be those whose bloods are too warm to admit of these compunctions: if there are such, I am sure they are laying up store for them: but I have better hopes of those who have not yet erased the impressions and advantages of a good education and fortune; they may be assured, "that who-
" ever wholly gives themselves up to lust, will soon
" find it the least fault they are guilty of."

Irreconcilable hatred to those they have injured, mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general sacrifice of all that is good-natured or praise-worthy, when it interrupts them, will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they, who, from the
visitation

visitation of sickness or any other accident, are awakened from a course which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices and virtues, tells the following story :

‘ Our knight,’ says he, ‘ was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he spoke of him, but “ the rascal,” or to him, but “ firrah.” One morning when he was dressing, Sirrah, says he, be sure you bring home, this evening, a pretty wench. The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother’s extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lackey, concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But many were the intreaties and representations of the mother, to gain her child’s consent to an action, which, she said, she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it. But, child, says she, can you see your mother die for hunger? The virgin argued no longer, but, bursting into tears, said, she would go any where. The lackey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master’s lodging, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he came home. The knight, who knew his man never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet, and was in high humour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting to be received in the evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came home, his lackey met him with a saucy and joyful familiarity,

'liarity, crying out, she is as handsome as an angel,
 ' (for there is no other simile on these occasions,) but
 ' the tender fool has wept till her eyes are swelled
 ' and bloated; for she is a maid, and a gentlewoman.
 ' With that he conducted his master to the room
 ' where she was, and retired. The knight, when he
 ' saw her bathed in tears, said, in some surprise, Do
 ' not you know, young woman, why you are brought
 ' hither? The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and
 ' with many interruptions of sighs and tears, said to
 ' him, I know, alas! too well, why I am brought
 ' hither; my mother, to get bread for her and my-
 ' self, has sent me to do what you pleased; but would
 ' it would please heaven I could die, before I am
 ' added to the number of those miserable wretches
 ' who live without honour! With this reflection she
 ' wept anew, and beat her bosom. The knight step-
 ' ping back from her, said, I am not so abandoned
 ' as to hurt your innocence against your will.

' The novelty of the accident surprised him into
 ' virtue; and covering the young maid with a cloak,
 ' he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he
 ' recommended her for that night. The next morn-
 ' ing he sent for her mother, and asked her, if her
 ' daughter was a maid? The mother assured him,
 ' that when she delivered her to his servant, she was
 ' a stranger to man. Are not you then, replied the
 ' knight, a wicked woman, to contrive the debauchery
 ' of your own child? She held down her face with
 ' fear and shame, and in her confusion uttered some
 ' broken words concerning her poverty. Far be it,
 ' said the gentleman, that you should relieve yourself
 ' from want by a much greater evil: your daughter
 ' is a fine young creature; do you know of none that
 ' ever spoke of her for a wife? The mother answer-
 ' ed, there is an honest man in our neighbourhood
 ' that loves her, who has often said he would marry
 ' her with two hundred pounds. The knight order-

ed

‘ed his man to reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride clothes, and fifty more as a help to her mother.’

I appeal to all the gallants in town, whether possessing all the beauties in Great Britain could give half the pleasure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man?

Though all men who are guilty this way, have not fortunes or opportunities for making such atonements for their vices; yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good season. For my part, I do not care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good consequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the most abandoned and miserable of mankind to the charity of all in prosperous conditions, under the same guilt with those wretches. The Lock Hospital in Kent-street, Southwark for men; that in Kingsland for women, is a receptacle for all sufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents should in their own hearts take upon them all the shame and sorrow they have escaped; and it would become them to make an oblation for their crimes, by charity to those upon whom vice appears in that utmost misery and deformity, which they themselves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our compassion in this case, if we considered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with transport: and as we are men of honour, (for I must not speak as we are Christians) let us not desert our friends for the loss of their noses.

 N° 18. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1.

— *Animaque capaces*
Mortis —

LUCAN.

Souls undismay'd by death.

THE prospect of death is so gloomy and dismal, that, if it were constantly before our eyes, it would imbitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and solitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of its seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us inquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution? and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment; but, when we reflect, that, perhaps, that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately, with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: 'The consideration,' said the good man, 'that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago to make a resolution,

' lution, which I have diligently kept, and to which
 ' I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man
 ' can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in
 ' private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my
 ' heart, and ask myself, whether, if God should re-
 ' quire my soul of me this night, I could hope for
 ' mercy from him? The bitter agonies I underwent
 ' in this my first acquaintance with myself, were so
 ' far from throwing me into despair of that mercy
 ' which is over all God's works, that they rather
 ' proved motives to greater circumspection in my
 ' future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in
 ' meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety;
 ' and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what
 ' was at first so terrible and shocking, is become the
 ' sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations
 ' have indeed made me serious, but not sullen; nay,
 ' they are so far from having soured my temper, that
 ' as I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret
 ' spring of joy in my heart, so my conversation is
 ' pleasant, and my countenance serene. I taste all
 ' the innocent satisfactions of life pure and sincere;
 ' I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting be-
 ' hind them, nor am I cheated with that kind of
 ' mirth, ' in the midst of which there is heaviness.'

Of all the professions of men, a soldier's chiefly
 should put him upon this religious vigilance. His
 duty exposes him to such hazards, that the evil, which
 to men in other stations may seem far distant, to him
 is instant, and ever before his eyes. The considera-
 tion, that what men in a martial life purchase, is
 gained with danger and labour, and must, perhaps,
 be parted with very speedily, is the cause of much
 licence and riot. As, moreover, it is necessary to
 keep up the spirits of those who are to encounter the
 most terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet
 with great indulgence. But there is a courage better
 founded than this animal fury. The secret assurance,

that all is right within, that if he falls in battle, he will the more speedily be crowned with true glory, will add strength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the most successful stratagems whereby Mahomet became formidable, was the assurance that impostor gave his votaries, that whoever was slain in battle, should be immediately conveyed to that luxurious Paradise his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the same effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, That the souls of the slain should transmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his usual spirit.

You teach that souls, from fleshly chains unbound,
Seek not pale shades and Erebus profound;
But fleeting hence to other regions stray,
Once more to mix with animated clay;
Hence death's a gap (if men may trust the lore)
'Twixt lives behind and ages yet before.
A blest'd mistake! which Fate's dread pow'r disarms;
And spurs its vot'ries on to war's alarms;
Lavish of life, they rush with fierce delight
Amidst the legions, and provoke the fight;
O'er-matching death, and freely cast away
That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.

Our gallant countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion. I am particularly pleased to find, that he hath translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse. A friend of mine informs me, that he hath the manuscript by him, which is said, in the title, to have been done "By the most noble and virtuous Gent. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, Knight." They having been never printed, I shall present the public with one of them, which my correspondent assures me he hath faithfully transcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

PSALM

P S A L M CXXXVII.

I.

NIGH seated where the river flows,
 That wat'reth Babel's thankful plain,
 Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
 Did help to water with the rain :
 The thought of Sion bred such woes,
 That though our harps we did retain ;
 Yet useless and untouched there,
 On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged so,
 The men whose captives then we lay,
 Did on our griefs insulting go,
 And more to grieve us thus did say :
 You that of music make such show,
 Come sing us now a Sion's lay :
 Oh no ! we have no voice nor hand
 For such a song in such a land.

III.

Though far I be, sweet Sion hill,
 In foreign soil exil'd from thee,
 Yet let my hand forget his skill
 If ever thou forgotten be ;
 And let my tongue fast glewed still
 Unto my roof, ly mute in me,
 If thy neglect within me spring,
 Or ought I do, but Salem sing.

IV.

But thou, O Lord, shalt not forget
 To quit the pains of Edom's race,
 Who causelessly, yet hotly set
 Thy holy city to deface ;
 Did thus the bloody victors whet,
 What time they enter'd first the place,
 " Down, down with it at any hand,
 " Make all a waste, let nothing stand."

V.

And Babylon, that didst us waste,
 Thyself shalt one day wasted be :
 And happy he, who what thou hast
 Unto us done, shall do to thee ;

Like bitterness shall make thee taste,
 Like woful objects make thee see :
 Yea, happy who thy little ones
 Shall take and dash against the stones.

N^o 19. THURSDAY, APRIL 2.

*Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido ;
 Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.*

HOR. Ep. 18. l. i. v. 98.

Lest avarice, still poor, disturb thine ease ;
 Or fear should shake, or cares thy mind abuse,
 Or ardent hope for things of little use.

CREECH.

IT was prettily observed by somebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleasure, as covetousness, gluttony, and lust ; one, which tastes of nothing but pain, as envy ; the rest have a mixture of pleasure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man considers the state of his own mind, about which every member of the Christian world is supposed at this time to be employed, he will find, that the best defence against vice is preserving the worthiest part of his own spirit pure from any great offence against it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourselves with disdain, after we have been betrayed by sudden desire, opportunity of gain, the absence of a person who excels us, the fault of a servant, or the ill fortune of an adversary, into the gratification of lust, covetousness, envy, rage, or pride ; when the more sublime part of our souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities till they are become vicious habits.

The vice of covetousness is what enters deepest into the soul of any other ; and you may have seen men, otherwise the most agreeable creatures in the world,
 so

so seized with the desire of being richer, that they shall startle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themselves from a remote fear of expence. No pious man can be so circumspect in the care of his conscience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preserve his own spirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy pursuits, he could never fall into this littleness, but his mind would be still open to honour and virtue, in spite of infirmities and relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my PRECAUTIONS as a GUARDIAN, is, that there is an universal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward splendour have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But, alas! this despicable spirit debases our very being, and makes our passions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England, stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt Piercy and Anna Bullen. One of the centinels who stood on the stage, to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Piercy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears; upon which the greatest part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion in the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears, and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. Piercy had the gallantry to take notice
of

of his honest heart; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world: were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearances of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praise-worthy, as well as pure religion, (according to a book too sacred for me to quote) 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' Every step that a man makes beyond moderate and reasonable provision, is taking so much from the worthiness of his own spirit; and he that is entirely set upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He must grow deaf to the wretched, estrange himself from the agreeable, learn hardness of heart, disrelish every thing that is noble; and terminate all in his despicable self. Indulgence in any one immoderate desire or appetite, engrosses the whole creature, and his life is sacrificed to that one desire or appetite; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their condition, and shews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune!

I have just now recorded a foot soldier for the politest man in a British audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the singularity of an ill-applied education. A good spirit, that is not abused, can add new glories to the highest state in the world, as well as give beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this by inserting a prayer of Harry the Fourth of France just before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

O LORD

O
est t
of n
befo
man
mot
know
but
the
justi
know
ord
reig
oth
of
tak
cro
let
my

Th
and v
and l
to th
char

my
ke
ac
bu
co
pl
an
T

por
spin
of
it c

‘ **O** LORD of hosts, who canst see through the
 ‘ thickest veil and closest disguise, who view-
 ‘ est the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs
 ‘ of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as
 ‘ before thine eyes, all the events which concern hu-
 ‘ man life, if thou knowest that my reign will pro-
 ‘ mote thy glory and the safety of thy people, if thou
 ‘ knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul,
 ‘ but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and
 ‘ the good of this state, favour, O great God, the
 ‘ justice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to ac-
 ‘ knowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and the
 ‘ order of a lawful succession, have made their sove-
 ‘ reign; but if thy good providence has ordered it
 ‘ otherwise, and thou seest that I should prove one
 ‘ of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger,
 ‘ take from me, O merciful God, my life and my
 ‘ crown, make me this day a sacrifice to thy will,
 ‘ let my death end the calamities of France, and let
 ‘ my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.’

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice,
 and with a countenance, that inspired all who heard
 and beheld him with like magnanimity: then turning
 to the squadron, at the head of which he designed to
 charge, ‘ My fellow-soldiers,’ said he, ‘ as you run
 ‘ my fortune, so do I yours; your safety consists in
 ‘ keeping well your ranks; but if the heat of the
 ‘ action should force you to disorder, think of nothing
 ‘ but rallying again; if you lose the sight of your
 ‘ colours and standards, look round for the white
 ‘ plume in my beaver; you shall see it wherever you
 ‘ are, and it shall lead you to glory and to victory.’

The magnanimity of this illustrious prince was sup-
 ported by a firm reliance on Providence, which in-
 spired him with a contempt of life, and an assurance
 of conquest. His generous scorn of royalty, but as
 it consisted with the service of God, and good of his
 people,

people, is an instance, that the mind of man, when it is well disposed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

N^o 20. FRIDAY, APRIL 3.

—————*Minuti*

Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas

Ultio—————

JUV. Sat. 13. v. 189.

—————Revenge, which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind.

CREECH.

ALL gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail: but, alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practise crimes the most abhorrent, to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A Christian and a gentleman are made inconsistent appellations of the same person; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries; and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder in resentment for an affront. For good sense, as well as religion, is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance; so little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous pitch human nature can arrive at: a coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but “a coward never forgave.” The power of doing that, flows from a strength of soul conscious of its own force; whence it draws a certain safety, which its enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt; for it is peculiar in the make of a brave man, to have his friends seem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, so intense a forgiveness as the love of them, is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution, but is a more spiritual and refined moral, introduced by him who died for those that persecuted him; yet very justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable terms of forgiving: for who can ask what he will not bestow? especially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruelest slavery to the most acceptable freedom: for when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation. At such an instant, the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each others faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them: and perhaps those very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things) were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beautiful and ornamental.

But if men are averse to us in the most violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate opposition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have so effectual an advantage over us, as to escape our good-will: for the neglected and despised tenets of religion are so generous, and in so transcendent and heroic a manner disposed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the Christian is as much inclined to your service, when your enemy, as the moral man, when your friend.

But

But the followers of a crucified Saviour must root out of their hearts all sense that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtiness of spirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our souls, except we can think as worthily of ourselves, when we practise the contrary virtues. We must learn and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility, for they arise from a great, not a grovelling idea of things: for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's self, so meekness is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the universe, and a just observation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepest resolves and counsels. And as (to a well-taught mind) when you have said an haughty and proud man, you have spoke a narrow conception, little spirit, and despicable carriage; so when you have said a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us, that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in an universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other mens virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself; you have also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely, and respectfully, is but a mere justice to him that is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as well a-kin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above these, so nothing below those. It keeps our understanding tight about us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of Heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wished that all men of sense would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Christian virtues; it would possibly enlarge their souls into such a contempt of what fashion and prejudice

judice
nation,
make
virtue.

As
the M
nities,
it wor
from
inclin
woul
what

TH
died
" H
How
pride
appe
" b
" o
" e
" p
" f
" e
" a
" l
V

ma
mo
on
for
ce
re
G
p
ce
sp

judice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the same way, and make all their lives an uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great catastrophe of this day †, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities, and death itself, for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemens consideration, whether, from his example, it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein he who died ignominiously for us, “ shall descend from Heaven to be our judge, in majesty and glory.” How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at “ whose presence nature shall “ be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies “ of light be obscured; when the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the “ powers of Heaven shaken; when the heavens themselves shall pass away with a great noise, and the “ elements dissolve with fervent heat; when the earth “ also, and all the works that are therein shall be “ burnt up?”

What may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness, which prompts us to decide our petty animosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the presence of his judge. That is certainly his case who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, He that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action rushes into his offended presence. Is it possible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed spirit in this condition? Could we but suppose it has

VOL. I.

I

just

† Good Friday.

just left its body, and struck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itself into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal despair; how willingly now would it suffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain!

The scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miserable futurity; and I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorbed in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue. And how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire!

N^o 21. SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

————— *Fungar inani*
Munere —————

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. v. 885.

An empty office I'll discharge.

DOCTOR Tillotson, in his discourse concerning the "Danger of all known sin, both from the light of nature and revelation," after having given us the description of the last day out of Holy Writ, has this remarkable passage.

' I appeal to any man, whether this be not a representation of things very proper and suitable to that great day, wherein he who made the world shall come to judge it? and whether the wit of man

' ever

‘ ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable
 ‘ to the majesty of God, and the solemn judgment
 ‘ of the whole world? The description which Vir-
 ‘ gil makes of the Elysian Fields, and the infernal
 ‘ regions, how infinitely do they fall short of the
 ‘ majesty of the Holy Scripture, and the description
 ‘ there made of Heaven and Hell, and of the great
 ‘ and terrible day of the Lord! so that in compari-
 ‘ son they are childish and trifling; and yet perhaps
 ‘ he had the most regular and most governed imagi-
 ‘ nation of any man that ever lived, and observed
 ‘ the greatest decorum in his characters and descrip-
 ‘ tions. But who can declare the great things of
 ‘ God, but he to whom God shall reveal them?’

This observation was worthy a most polite man,
 and ought to be of authority with all who are such,
 so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a man
 of a just taste and judgment, or advanced it merely
 for the service of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the Gospels,
 with an heart as much prepared in favour of them as
 when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no
 passage there which is not told with more natural
 force than any episode in either of those wits, which
 were the chief of mere mankind.

The last thing I read was the xxivth chapter of
 St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in
 which our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection,
 joined with two disciples on the way to Emmaus, as
 an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege, as such,
 to inquire of them what occasioned a sadness he
 observed in their countenances; or whether it was
 from any public cause? Their wonder, that any
 man so near Jerusalem should be a stranger to what
 had passed there; their acknowledgment to one they
 met accidentally, that they had believed in this pro-
 phet; and that now, the third day after his death,
 they were in doubt as to their pleasing hope, which

occasioned the heaviness he took notice of; are all represented in a style which men of letters call "the great and noble simplicity." The attention of the disciples when he expounded the scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondness of his stay, and the manifestation of the great guest whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully please the imagination of a Christian reader; and give to him something of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they said one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?"

I am very far from pretending to treat these matters as they deserve; but I hope those gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular man, impartially considering the effect which the sacred writings will have upon the soul of an intelligent reader; and it is some argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his resurrection, I cannot but think the just disposition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the subject. The Evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest by a passionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown in their faces; the huddle group of those who stand most distant are admirable representations of men abashed with their late unbelief and hardness of heart. And such endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be despised by the ministers of the gospel.

It is with this view that I presume upon subjects of this kind; and men may take up this paper, and
be

be ca
divers

Al
one c
and i
gress
that
have,

A
the c
a gra
beca
auth

" an
" in
" w
" d
upo
low
cun
giv
and
wh
pau

"
"
"
"
ra
we
ho
"
"
"

o
t

be caught by an admonition under the disguise of a diversion.

All the arts and sciences ought to be employed in one confederacy against the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety ; and it will be no small step in the progress of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best taste and best sense a man can have, who is cold to the “ beauty of holiness.”

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpse of a friend to his interment, and have seen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and assumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce, “ I am the resurrection and the life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die : ” I say, upon such an occasion, the retrospect upon past actions between the deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little circumstances that strike upon the soul, and alternately give grief and consolation, have vanished like a dream ; and I have been relieved as by a voice from heaven, when the solemnity has proceeded, and after a long pause I again heard the servant of God utter, “ I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God ; whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another.” How have I been raised above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next sentence which the holy man has spoken : “ We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out : The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord ! ”

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read these expressions of scripture with as much indifference as they do the rest of these

these loose papers. However, I will not despair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of the sacred writings; and, as old as I am, I promise myself to see the day, when it shall be as much the fashion among men of politeness, to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young man produce an Evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of distinguished faculties, to praise and adore the Author of their being with a spirit suitable to those faculties; and rouse slower men by their words, actions and writings, to a participation of their transports and thanksgivings.

N^o 22. MONDAY, APRIL 6.

*Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.*————

VIRG. *Georg.* 2. v. 485.

My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life;
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.

DRYDEN.

PASTORAL poetry not only amuses the fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of Fairy-land, where our ears are soothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling streams; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows and springing greens; we are laid under cool shades, and entertained with all the sweets and freshness of nature. It is a dream,
it

it is a vision, which we wish may be real and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lixard's head was so far turned with these imaginations, when we were last in the country, that she lost her rest by listening to nightingales; she kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the house. I used all gentle methods to bring her to herself; as having had a design heretofore of turning shepherd myself, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me against any temptation to the pastoral life, I can now with the greater safety consider it; and shall lay down such rules, as those of my readers, who have the aforesaid design, ought to observe, if they would follow the steps of the shepherds and shepherdesses of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of Pastoral poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world. For since that way of life is not now in being, we must inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exist. Before mankind was formed into large societies, or cities were built, and commerce established, the wealth of the world consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of these, we find to have been the employment of the first princes, whose subjects were sheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such pleasures as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body, and serenity of mind. The abundance they were possessed of, secured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could scarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love indeed might occasion some rivalships amongst them, because many lovers fix upon one object,

ject, for the loss of which they will be satisfied with no compensation. Otherwise, it was a state of ease, innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot pleasure again.

Thus happy was the first race of men, but rude withal and uncultivated. For before they could make any considerable progress in arts and sciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was destroyed by turbulent and ambitious spirits; who, having built cities, raised armies, and studied policies of state, made vassals of the defenceless shepherds, and rendered that which was before easy and unrestrained, a mean, laborious, miserable condition. Hence, if we consider the pastoral period before learning, we shall find it unpolished; if after, we shall find it unpleasant.

The use that I would make of this short review of the country life shall be this:—An author that would amuse himself by writing pastorals, should form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country; he must give us what is agreeable in that scene, and hide what is wretched. It is indeed commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly please the imagination; but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole truth, but that part only which is delightful. We must sometimes show only half an image to the fancy; which if we display in a lively manner, the mind is so dextrously deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing pastorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanness of it; represent its simplicity as clear as you please, but cover its misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing that is irksome or unpleasant should have a place in these writings; I only mean, that this state of life in general

neral fl
no con
herds
loss of
may,
or ven
these
state
gain,
nocen
railing
hook
that
are t

W
defc
have
lufic
com
plea

Th
the
no
ce
wh
pr
W
p
fi

neral should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow shepherds to be afflicted with such misfortunes, as the loss of a favourite lamb, or a faithless mistress. He may, if you please, pick a thorn out of his foot; or vent his grief for losing the prize in dancing: but these being small torments, they recommend that state which only produces such trifling evils. Again, I would not seem so strict in my notions of innocence and simplicity, as to deny the use of a little railing, or the liberty of stealing a kid or a sheep-hook. For these are likewise such petty enormities, that we must think the country happy where these are the greatest transgressions.

When a reader is placed in such a scene as I have described, and introduced into such company as I have chosen, he gives himself up to the pleasing delusion; and since every one doth not know how it comes to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased.

The first reason is, because all mankind love ease. Though ambition and avarice employ most mens thoughts, they are such uneasy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from some necessity, real or imaginary. We seek happiness, in which ease is the principal ingredient; and the end proposed in our most restless pursuits, is tranquillity. We are therefore soothed and delighted with the representation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

A second reason is, our secret approbation of innocence and simplicity. Human nature is not so much depraved, as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. This is the reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice; and

we

we love truth too well to resist the charms of fincerity.

A third reason is, our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleasing objects, are the growth of the country; and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greatest share in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the scene which supplies us with the most lovely images. This state was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradise; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite delight in their Elysium.

N^o 23. TUESDAY, APRIL 7.

—*Extrema per illos.*

Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

VIRG. *Georg.* 2. v. 473..

From hence *Astrea* took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

DRYDEN.

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the Fairy or Pastoral Land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead; I shall, in this day's paper, give him some marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteristics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the Pastoral Life, we may discover that simplicity is necessary in the character of shepherds. Their minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but
what

what i
Never
dull a
in the
adorn
with
manne
For al
ceive
same t
ly. I
study
tain c
abstra
after
who
ver t
stanc
upon
And
the
natur
trefs

"
"
"
"

A fl
mor

"
"

A
dee
an
cav
cir
est

what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine spirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce shepherds with good sense, and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined. For all men, both the rude and polite, think and conceive things the same way, (truth being eternally the same to all,) though they express them very differently. For here lies the difference: Men, who, by long study and experience, have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things abstracted from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, lively, surprising manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind. And though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and soothes us more naturally. Thus, a courtly lover may say to his mistress,

“ With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
 “ Where never human foot the ground hath prest;
 “ Thou e’en from dungeons darkness canst exclude,
 “ And from a desert banish solitude.”

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply.

“ Come, Rosalind, oh! come; for without thee
 “ What pleasure can the country have for me?”

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is, so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance, Corydon tells Alexis that he is the finest songster of the country.

“ Of

- " Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
 " Which with his dying breath Damoetas gave:
 " And said, This, Corydon, I leave to thee,
 " For only thou deserv'st it after me."

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner, a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him.

- " As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
 " Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
 " The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
 " Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye."

If ever a reflection be pardonable in Pastorals, it is where the thought is so obvious, that it seems to come easily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus.

- " Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
 " If liquid fountains flatter not. And why
 " Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
 " The bordering flow'rs less beauteous than they grow?"

A second characteristic of a true shepherd, is simplicity of manners, or innocence. This is so obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to insist long upon it. I shall only remind the reader, that as the pastoral life is supposed to be where nature is not much depraved, sincerity and truth will generally run thro' it. Some slight transgressions for the sake of variety may be admitted, which in effect will only serve to set off the simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illustrate this rule than by the following example of a swain who found his mistress asleep.

- " Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
 " Her lovely limbs half-bare, and rude the wind:
 " I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss;
 " Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss."

A third sign of a swain is, that something of religion, and even superstition, is part of his character.

For

For we find, that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greatest awe of their Author. Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old: our peasants as sincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the heathens those of fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I observe with great pleasure, that our English author of the pastorals I have quoted, hath practised this secret with admirable judgment.

I will yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of shepherds, and nearly allied to superstition; I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes in Pastoral to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless, and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raise a proverb above the vulgar style, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus the old wish, "God rest his soul," is finely turned.

"Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend;

"Eternal blessings on his shade attend.

N^o 24. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8.

————— *Dicenda tacendaque calles?* PERS. Sat. 4. v. 5.

————— Dost thou, so young,
Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue?

DRYDEN.

JACK LIZARD was about fifteen when he was first entered in the university, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary applica-

VOL. I.

K

tion

tion to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had but too much spirit to hold his tongue in company; but at the same time, so little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and an half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country. The first night after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild-fool, that, according to the opinion of some natural philosophers, they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars; and after every interrogatory, would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that, for the first week, he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbons were of the same colour; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her fingers, as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot, in the midst of her anguish, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

That part of his conversation which gave me the most pain, was what passed among those country gentlemen

lemen that came to visit us. On such occasions Jack usually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd sayings and absurdities of their college-cook. I found this fellow had made a very strong impression upon Jack's imagination; which he never considered was not the case of the rest of the company, till, after many repeated trials, he found that his stories seldom made any body laugh but himself.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree shooting out into blossoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unseasonable, seemed to foretel an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him this rule, which I had myself learned from a very great author, "To think with the wise, but talk with the vulgar." Jack's good sense soon made him reflect that he had often exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant, by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other rules of conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him, next morning, the following rules, in writing, which may, perhaps, have contributed to make him the agreeable man he now is.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word *conversation*, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers, that those who hear him are the best judges, whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good-will of those he converses with; because no body envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed, what can we say? it would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? or whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it: the beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that

that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves, than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, an handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley, in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse: besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by an happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good humour, sense and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little further

than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our house of commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest incidents in his life or conversation, which, though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense, (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload, whether an handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company, who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another, before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call 'speaking their minds.' A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that besides what I have here said, there

there
the co
catch
vation
that c
tired

Ut

So

T
and
pora
prej
ages

I
a co
wer
pla
of
me
up
Th
it.
vo
ver
off
gr
wh
th

there is something which can never be learned but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations, added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

N^o 25. THURSDAY, APRIL 9.

— *Quis tam Lucili fautor ineptæ est,*
Ut non hoc fateatur? — HOR. SAT. IO. l. I. v. 2.

— What friend of his *
 So blindly partial, to deny me this? CREECH.

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of passing slightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance, that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

I went home last night full of these reflections from a coffee-house, where a great many excellent writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, more (as it seemed to me) upon the account of their date, than upon any intrinsic value or demerit. The conversation ended with great encomiums upon my Lord Verulam's History of Henry the VIIth. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public, (so great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whose writings are the glory of our nation) but that the authority of so leading a name may perpetuate a vicious

* Of the poet Lucilius.

vicious taste amongst us, and betray future historians to copy after a model which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the History, I have nothing to say; to examine it impartially in that view, would require much pains and leisure: but as to the composition of it, and sometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A complete Historian should be endowed with the essential qualifications of a great poet. His style must be majestic and grave, as well as simple and unaffected; his narration should be animated, short and clear, and so as even to outrun the impatience of the reader, if possible. This can only be done by being very sparing and choice in words, by retrenching all cold and superfluous circumstances in an action, and by dwelling upon such alone as are material, and fit to delight or instruct a serious mind, This is what we find in the great models of antiquity, and in a more particular manner in Livy, whom it is impossible to read without the warmest emotions.

But my Lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever in the tedious style of declaimers, using two words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way similes as some of our old play-writers. He abounds in low phrases, beneath the dignity of History, and often condescends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently false, almost every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole work more the air of a recluse scholar, than of a man versed in the world.

After passing so free a censure upon a book, which, for these hundred years and upwards, has met with the most universal approbation, I am obliged, in my own defence, to transcribe some of the many passages I formerly collected for the use of my first charge,

Sir

Sir Mar
I point
tions th
rarify
It was
that g
I shall

' T
' or m
' face
' cret
' fear
' ticu
' stan
I l
fidera
them

'
' as
' bec
' tov
' the
' of
' we
' br
' qu
' m
' fo
' I
' n
' A
' v
' I
' l
' t
'
'
'

Sir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be endless, should I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do, as it were, rarify instead of condensing his thoughts and matter. It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being so wordy; of which I shall put down two or three examples.

‘ That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king’s attainder, should be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file—Divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, &c. to learn, search, and discover all the circumstances and particulars—to assail, sap, and work into the constancy of Sir Robert Clifford.’

I leave the following passages to every one’s consideration, without making any further remarks upon them.

‘ He should be well enough able to scatter the Irish as a flight of birds, and rattle away this swarm of bees with their king.—The rebels took their way towards York, &c. but their snow-ball did not gather as it went.—So that (in a kind of mattacina of human fortune) he turned a broach that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy—The queen was crowned, &c. about two years after the marriage, like an old christening that had staid long for godfathers—Desirous to trouble the waters in Italy, that he might fish the better, casting the net not out of St. Peter’s, but out of Borgia’s Bark—And, therefore, upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perkin was smoked away—This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first—It was observed that the great tempest, which drove Philip into England, blew down the Golden Eagle from the spire of St. Pauls; and in the fall, it fell upon a
‘ sign

‘ sign of the Black Eagle, which was in Paul’s church-
 ‘ yard, in the place where the school-house now stand-
 ‘ eth, and battered it, and broke it down: which was
 ‘ a strange stooping of a hawk upon a fowl.—The
 ‘ king began to find where his shoe did wring him—
 ‘ In whose bosom or budget most of Perkin’s secrets
 ‘ were laid up—One might know afar off where the owl
 ‘ was, by the flight of birds—Bold men, and careless
 ‘ of fame, and that took toll of their master’s grist—
 ‘ Empson and Dudley would have cut another chop
 ‘ out of him—Peter Hialas, some call him Elias;
 ‘ surely he was the forerunner of, &c.—Lionel, bi-
 ‘ shop of Concordia, was sent as nuncio, &c. but
 ‘ notwithstanding he had a good ominous name to
 ‘ have made a peace, nothing followed—Taxing him
 ‘ for a great taxpayer of his people—Not by procla-
 ‘ mations, but by court-fames, which commonly print
 ‘ better than printed proclamations—Sir Edward
 ‘ Poynings was enforced to make a wild chace upon
 ‘ the Wild Irish—In sparing of blood by the bleed-
 ‘ ing of so much treasure—And although his own
 ‘ case had both steel and parchment more than the
 ‘ other; that is to say, a conquest in the field, and
 ‘ an act of parliament—That Pope knowing that
 ‘ King Henry VI. was reputed in the world abroad
 ‘ but for a simple man, was afraid it would but di-
 ‘ minish the estimation of that kind of honour, if
 ‘ there were not a distance kept between innocents
 ‘ and saints.’

Not to trouble my reader with any more instances
 of the like nature, I must observe, that the whole
 work is ill-conducted, and the story of Perkin War-
 beck (which should have been only like an episode in
 a poem) is spun out to near a third part of the book.
 The character of Henry VII. at the end, is rather
 an abstract of his history than a character. It is te-
 dious, and diversified into so many particulars as con-
 found the resemblance, and make it almost impossible
 for

for the
 It is no
 in a few
 ing fea
 metaph
 light,
 diately
 Aft
 Lord V
 and co
 dantry
 wonde
 down
 to any
 fore o

Non
 Sed

A wo
 def

A
 of li
 and
 nag
 and
 priv
 that
 wor
 thin
 stan
 and

for the reader to form any distinct idea of the person. It is not thus the ancients drew their characters; but in a few just and bold strokes gave you the distinguishing features of the mind (if I may be allowed the metaphor) in so distinct a manner, and in so strong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from an hundred.

After all, it must be considered, in favour of my Lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaste and correct writing was not in fashion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court: so that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though superior in force, perhaps, to any of our countrymen, that have either gone before or succeeded him.

N^o 26. FRIDAY, APRIL 10.

*Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, quæ dos dicitur;
Sed pudicitiam, & pudorem, & sedatam cupidinem.*

PLAUT.

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is virtue, modesty, and desires restrained; not that which is usually so called.

AN healthy old fellow that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living. It is at that time of life only men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phrase is; we speak the downright truth, and whether the rest of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them, that we can take it. I shall be very free with the women from this one consideration; and having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves.

selves. A set of fops, from one generation to another, has made such a pother with "bright eyes," "the fair sex, the charms, the air," and something so incapable to be expressed but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, shepherdesses, graces, or goddesses, they are to a woman all of them **THE LADIES**. Get to a christening at any alley in the town, and and at the meanest artificer's; and the word is, "Well, who takes care of the ladies?" I have taken notice that ever since the word Forsooth was banished for Madam, the word Woman has been discarded for Lady. And as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of **WOMEN** without offence to the **LADIES**. What puts me in this present disposition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy week I very civilly desired all delinquents in point of chastity to make some atonement for their freedoms, by bestowing a charity upon the miserable wretches who languish in the Lock-hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed, they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my Precaution, to call me an ill-bred old fellow, and say I do not understand the world. It is not, it seems, within the rules of good-breeding to tax the vices of people of quality, and the commandments were made for the vulgar. I am indeed informed, of some oblations sent into the house, but they are all come from the servants of criminals of condition. A poor chamber-maid has sent in ten shillings out of her hush-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her mistress's secret: but says, she dare not ask her Ladyship for any thing; for she is not to suppose, that she is locked up with a young gentleman, in the absence of her husband, three hours together, for any harm; but as my Lady is a person of great sense, the girl does not know but that they

they w
becaul
her te
have a
has ha
their
her ha
think
the th
ough
camy
are al
fin in
that
chast
great
my
of th
out
it is
a tin
jor
the
ther
Wo
are
pab
part
We
and
to
the
bou
in
ter
dig
ac
gr

they were reading some good book together ; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her ten shillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country girl that owns she has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to their house, who gave her half-a-crown, and bid her have a care of the men in this town ; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the thimble, because she does not hate him as she ought. The ten shillings, this thimble, and an occamy-spoon from some other unknown poor sinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of sin in London and Westminster. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaste ; and if that be a modest computation, how great a number are those who make no account of my admonition. It might be expected one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honest, might, out of mere charity and compassion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done something upon so good a time as that wherein they were solicited. But Major Crabtree, a sour pot-companion of mine, says, the two hundred ninety and nine are one way or other as little virtuous as the three hundredth unchaste Woman, I would say Lady. It is certain that we are infested with a parcel of jilfirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men ; for the infant partakes of the temper and disposition of its mother. We see the unaccountable effects which sudden frights and longings have upon the offspring ; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother has its influence upon what she bears about her nine months. Thus, from the want of care in this particular of chusing wives, you see men, after much care, labour, and study, surprised with prodigious starts of ill-nature and passion, that can be accounted for no otherwise but from hence, that it grew upon them in embryo, and the man was deter-

mined, surly, peevish, froward, sullen, or outrageous before he saw the light. The last time I was in a public place I fell in love by proxy for Sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality: her father was a gentleman of as noble a disposition, as any I ever met with. The widow her mother, under whose wing she loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to persons of condition. Good-sense, heightened and exerted with good-breeding, is the parent's distinguishing character; and if we can get this young woman into our family, we shall think we have a much better purchase than others, who, without her good qualities, may bring into theirs the greatest accession of riches. I sent Sir Harry by last night's post the following letter on the subject.

‘ Dear Sir HARRY,

‘ UPON our last parting, and as I had just
‘ mounted the little roan I am so fond of, you
‘ called me back ; and when I stooped to you, you
‘ squeezed me by the hand, and with allusion to some
‘ pleasant discourse we had had a day or two before
‘ in the house, concerning the present mercantile way
‘ of contracting marriages, with a smile and a blush
‘ you bid me look upon some Women for you and
‘ send word how they went. I did not see one to
‘ my mind till the last opera before Easter. I assure
‘ you I have been as unquiet ever since, as I wish
‘ you were till you had her : her height, her com-
‘ plexion, and every thing but her age, which is
‘ under twenty, are very much to my satisfaction ;
‘ there is an ingenuous shame in her eyes, which is
‘ to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body ;
‘ neither implies that there are virtuous habits and
‘ accomplishments already attained by the possessor,
‘ but they certainly shew an unprejudiced capacity
‘ towards them. As to the circumstance of this
‘ young

‘ young woman’s age, I am reconciled to her want
 ‘ of years, because she pretends to nothing above
 ‘ them : you do not see in her the odious forwardness
 ‘ to I know not what, as in the assured countenances,
 ‘ naked bosoms, and confident glances of her co-
 ‘ temporaries.

‘ I will vouch for her, that you will have her
 ‘ whole heart, if you can win it ; she is in no fa-
 ‘ miliarities with the fops, her fan has never been yet
 ‘ out of her own hand, and her brother’s face is the
 ‘ only man’s she ever looked in stedfastly.

When I have gone thus far, and told you that
 ‘ I am very confident of her as to her virtue and e-
 ‘ ducation, I may speak a little freely to you, as
 ‘ you are a young man. There is a dignity in the
 ‘ young lady’s beauty : when it shall become her to
 ‘ receive your friends with a good air, and affable
 ‘ countenance ; when she is to represent that part of
 ‘ you, which you must delight in, the frank and
 ‘ cheerful reception of your friends, her beauty will
 ‘ do as much honour to your table, as it will give
 ‘ you pleasure in your bed.

‘ It is no small instance of felicity to have a woman,
 ‘ from whose behaviour your friends are more endear-
 ‘ ed to you, and for whose sake your children are as
 ‘ much valued, as for your own.

‘ It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height
 ‘ of her forehead, the soft pulp of her lips, or to
 ‘ describe the amiable profile which her fine hair,
 ‘ cheeks and neck made to the beholders that
 ‘ night, but shall leave them to your own observati-
 ‘ on when you come to town ; which you may do
 ‘ at your leisure, and be time enough, for there are
 ‘ many in town richer than her whom I recommend.

‘ I am, S I R,

‘ your most obedient and most humble servant,

‘ NESTOR IRONSIDE.’

N^o 27. SATURDAY, APRIL 11.

Multa putans, fortemque animo miseratus iniquam.

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. v. 332.

Struck with compassion of so sad a state.

IN compassion to those gloomy mortals, who by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those impressions of joy and hope, which the celebration of the late glorious festival * naturally leaves on the mind of a Christian, I shall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a Future State, without supposing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a deity. Let the most stedfast unbeliever open his eyes, and take a survey of the sensible world, and then say if there be not a connexion, an adjustment, an exact and constant order discoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cause, the thing itself is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal system, the passions, senses, and locomotive powers: is not the like contrivance and propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it possible then that the smallest bodies should, by a management superior to the wit of man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective natures; and yet the spirits or souls of men be neglected, or managed by such rules as fall short of man's understanding? Shall every other passion be rightly placed by nature, and shall that appetite of immortality, natural to all mankind, be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the in-

dustrious

* *Viz.* Easter.

dustrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meanest vocations, be answered by the ends we propose, and shall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, shall the corporeal world be all order and harmony, the intellectual discord and confusion? He who is bigot enough to believe these things, must bid adieu to that natural rule, of "reasoning from analogy:" must run counter to that maxim of common sense, "That men ought to form their judgments of things unexperienced, from what they have experienced."

If any thing looks like a recompence of calamitous virtue on this side the grave, it is either an assurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of Heaven, and shall, whatever befalls us in this, in another life meet with a just return; or else that applause and reputation, which is thought to attend virtuous actions. The former of these, our Free-thinkers, out of their singular wisdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavour to erase from the minds of men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this life, where so many ill actions are reputable, and so many good actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtle hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging light, and modest virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the soul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's sense in relation to this point, is contained in his *Gorgias*, where he introduces Socrates speaking after this manner.

' It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law,
' which the gods have since continued down to this
' time, that they who had lived virtuously and pi-
' ously upon earth, should after death enjoy a life
' full of happiness, in certain islands appointed for
' the habitation of the blessed: but that such as
' had lived wickedly, should go into the receptacle
' of damned souls, named Tartarus, there to suffer

' the punishments they deserved. But in all the reign
 ' of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign of
 ' Jove, living Judges were appointed, by whom each
 ' person was judged in his lifetime, in the same day
 ' on which he was to die. The consequence of which
 ' was, that they often passed wrong judgments.
 ' Pluto, therefore, who presided in Tartarus; and
 ' the guardians of the blessed islands, finding that
 ' on the other side many unfit persons were sent to
 ' their respective dominions, complained to Jove, who
 ' promised to redress the evil. He added, the rea-
 ' son of these unjust proceedings is, that men are
 ' judged in the body. Hence many conceal the ble-
 ' mishes and imperfections of their minds by beauty,
 ' birth and riches; not to mention, that at the time
 ' of trial there are crowds of witnesses to attest their
 ' having lived well. These things mislead the judges,
 ' who being themselves also of the number of the li-
 ' ving, are surrounded each with his own body, as
 ' with a veil thrown over his mind. For the future,
 ' therefore, it is my intention that men do not come
 ' on their trial till after death, when they shall ap-
 ' pear before the judge, disrobed of all their corpo-
 ' real ornaments. The judge himself too, shall be a
 ' pure unveiled spirit, beholding the very soul, the
 ' naked soul of the party before him. With this
 ' view I have already constituted my sons, Minos
 ' and Rhadamanthus, judges, who are natives of
 ' Asia; and Æachus, a native of Europe. These,
 ' after death, shall hold their court in a certain mea-
 ' dow, from which there are two roads, leading the
 ' one to Tartarus, the other to the islands of the
 ' blessed.'

From this, as from numberless other passages of
 his writings, may be seen Plato's opinion of a future
 state. A thing therefore in regard to us so com-
 fortable, in itself so just and excellent, a thing so a-
 greeable to the analogy of nature, and so universal-
 ly

ly credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that should move a few men to reject? Surely there must be something of prejudice in the case. I appeal to the secret thoughts of a Free-thinker, if he does not argue within himself after this manner: The senses and faculties I enjoy at present are visibly designed to repair, or preserve the body from the injuries it is liable to in its present circumstances. But in an eternal state, where no decays are to be repaired, no outward injuries to be fenced against, where there are no flesh and bones, nerves or blood-vessels, there will certainly be none of the senses: and that there should be a state of life without the senses is inconceivable.

But as this manner of reasoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowness of soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those defects, and open their views, by laying before them a case which, being naturally possible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

Let us suppose a person blind and deaf from his birth, who being grown to man's estate, is by the dead palsy, or some other cause, deprived of his feeling; tasting, and smelling, and at the same time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste and smell were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extensive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of those three senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new inlets of perception, as in a modern Free-thinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception.

ception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same person's eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and instrumental music: behold him amazed, ravished, transported; and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea of the ecstatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh into life and immortality.

N. B. "It has been observed by the Christians, that a certain ingenious foreigner, who has published many exemplary jests for the use of persons in the article of death, was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery."

N^o 28. MONDAY, APRIL 13.

*Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.*

HOR. Od. 6. l. 5. v. 46.

Our fathers have been worse than theirs
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we.

ROSCOMMON.

THEOCRITUS, Bion and Moschus, are the most famous amongst the Greek writers of pastorals. The two latter of these are judged to be far short of Theocritus, whom I shall speak of more largely, because he rivals the greatest of all poets, Virgil himself. He hath the advantage confessedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for pastoral. The softness of the Doric dialect, which this poet is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient

ancien
not ap
me to
ned t
nius
the
ment,
himse
will f
afterv
in the
these
Virgi
pastor
all o
only
origi

Th
ger's
Theo
whic
gil.
and
guish
Rom
prop
very
some
whic
from
Virg
com
him
exce
T
that
the
abst

ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But besides this beauty, he seems to me to have had a soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity. It is true that the great Roman, by the niceness of his judgment, and great command of himself, has acquitted himself dexterously this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the seeds of that fire which burned afterwards so bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the *Æneid*. I must not, however, dissemble, that these bold strokes appear chiefly in those eclogues of Virgil, which ought not to be numbered amongst his pastorals; which are indeed generally thought to be all of the pastoral kind; but by the best judges are only called his select poems, as the word eclogue originally means.

Those who will take the pains to consult Scaliger's comparison of these two poets, will find that Theocritus hath outdone him in those very passages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in short, more innocence, simplicity, and whatever else hath been laid down as the distinguishing marks of pastoral, in the Greek than the Roman; and all arguments from the exactness, propriety, conciseness and nobleness of Virgil, may very well be turned against him. There is indeed sometimes a grossness and clownishness in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greatest beauties from him, hath avoided. I will however add, that Virgil, out of the excellence of genius only, hath come short of Theocritus; and had possibly excelled him, if in greater subjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the first, amongst the moderns, that fell into pastoral writing. It is observed, that the people of that nation are very profound and abstruse in their poetry as well as politics; fond of
surprising

surprising conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what was never said before. From persons of this character, how can we expect that air of simplicity and truth, which hath been proved so essential to shepherds? There are two pastoral plays in this language, which they boast of as the most elegant performances in poetry that the later ages have produced; the *Aminta* of Tasso, and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*. In these the names of the persons are indeed pastoral, and the Sylvan gods, the Dryads, and the Satyrs appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, sentiments, passions or designs, like those of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I shall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in pastoral. Sylvia in Tasso's poem enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herself in a fountain with such self-admiration, that she breaks out into a speech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, "She doth not wear them to adorn herself, but to make them ashamed." In the *Pastor Fido*, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with the gods, "for making laws so rigorous to restrain us, and at the same time giving us invincible desires." Whoever can bear these, may be assured he hath no taste for pastoral.

When I am speaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to pass by Sannazarius. He hath changed the scene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundless ocean: introduces sea-calves in the room of kids and lambs, sea-mews for the lark and the linnet, and presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. How good soever his style and thoughts may be; yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the sweet manners and pleasing objects of the country,

try, f
and d
or if
only c

Th
that
run o
floods
most
which
woul
they
inter
celeb
' all
' be
' see
' an
' w
' fu
' bu
' I
' br

I
w
w
v
w

try, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or if any, such as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and so are lost and forgotten.

The French are so far from thinking abstrusely, that they often seem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common-place descriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Those who write the most accurately, fall into the manner of their country; which is gallantry. I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French, than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author. ‘The shepherds,’ saith he, ‘are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus instead of having his head covered with sedges and bulrushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.’

N^o 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 14.

Ride si sapias.

MART. *Epig.* 41. l. 2. v. 1.

Laugh, if you're wise.

IN order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded, as when they are pleased: and laughter being a visible symptom

symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says,

——“ Smiles from reason flow, to brutes deny'd,
“ And are of love the food”——

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them; but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre; I would have criticised on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians: and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw comparisons of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; so I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris and Bullock; and so far shown their different methods of raising mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the jest was the poet's or the actor's.

As the Play-house affords us the most occasions of observing upon the behaviour of the face, it may be useful (for the direction of those who would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies usually dispose themselves in the front of the boxes, the young married women compose the second row, while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undefining maids, and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them under this

this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a double entendre strikes the first row into an affected gravity, or careless indolence, the second will venture at a smile, but the third take the conceit entirely, and express their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I descend to particulars, I find the reserved prude will relapse into a smile at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette; the coquette in her turn laughs at the starchness and awkward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop, and the fop confesses his ridicule at the unpoliteness of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads:

The Dimplers.

The Smilers.

The Laughers.

The Grinners.

The Horse-Laughers.

The Dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover. This was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The Smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of the physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The laugh among us is the common Risus of the ancients.

The Grin by writers of antiquity is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The Horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation.

The proficients in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This upon all occasions supplies the want of reason; is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes; and that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude hath a wonderful esteem for the Chian laugh or Dimple; she looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as excesses of levity; and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests to disorder her countenance with the ruffle of a smile. Her lips are composed with a primness peculiar to her character; all her modesty seems collected into her face; and she but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to make her face sympathize with her habit; she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rules of decency is never allowed the Smile till the first offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass, hath reduced it to an exact discipline, may claim a place in this clan. You see him upon any occasion, to give spirit to his discourse, admire his own eloquence by a Dimple.

The Ionics are those Ladies that take a greater liberty with their features: yet even these may be said to smother a Laugh, as the former to stifle a Smile.

The Beau is an Ionic out of complaisance, and practises the Smile the better to sympathize with the fair. He will sometimes join in a laugh, to humour the spleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good-breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of so great an indecorum as to begin it.

The

The
at thei
hunter
the w
tance
ed thi
only.

A
collec
" La
I can
volum
while
labo
a cor
proc
part
state
fick
laug
my
pro
trib
lun
a n
his
be

B
o
n
t
j

The Ionic laugh is of univerfal use to men of power at their levees; and is esteemed by judicious place-hunters, a more particular mark of diftinction than the whifper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himfelf upon his fuccefs, having obtained this favour, after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author, fome years fince, published a collection of fonnets, which he very fuccefsfully called "Laugh and be fat; or, Pills to purge melancholy." I cannot fufficiently admire the facetious title of thefe volumes, and muft censure the world of ingratitude, while they are fo negligent in rewarding the jocofe labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfey, who was fo large a contributor to this treatife, and to whofe humorous productions fo many rural fquires, in the remotef parts of this ifland, are obliged, for the dignity and ftate which corpulency gives them. The ftory of the fick man's breaking an impofthume by a fudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with afs's milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and reftoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally reprefented to us as a man of the largeft fize, which we may attribute to his frequent exercife of his rifible faculty. I remember Juvenal fays of him,

Perpetuo rifu pulmonem agitare solebat.

Sat. 10. v. 33.

He fhook his fides with a perpetual laugh.

That fort of man whom a late writer has called the BUTT, is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally ftocked with fo much good-humour, as to ftrike in with the gaiety of converfation, though fome innocent blunder of his own be the fubject of the raillery.

I fhall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners; when a young blooming

wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recal youth into their cheeks, they immediately overstrain their muscular features, and shrivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the same kind, and by the same artifice labours to support his impotence of wit; but he very frequently calls in the Horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of Grinners, which the ancients call Megarics, and some moderns have, not injudiciously, given them the name of the Sneerers. These always indulge their mirth at the expence of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature. I could wish these laughers would consider, that, let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies, by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the most part Megaric; and in visits, the ladies themselves very seldom scruple the sacrificing a friendship to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but in short, she is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exercise of the features; she subdues the formal lover with the Dimple, accosts the fop with the Smile, joins with the wit in the downright Laugh; to vary the air of her countenance, frequently rallies with the Grin; and when she has ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the Horse-laugh.

The Horse-laugh is a distinguishing characteristic of the rural hoyden, and it is observed to be the last symptom of rusticity that forsakes her under the discipline of the boarding-school.

Punsters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the

the ancient physicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs; I should, methinks, advise all my countrymen of consumptive and hectic constitutions, to associate with the most facetious punsters of the age. Persius hath very elegantly described a Sardonic laugher in the following line,

Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos. Sat. 3. v. 87.

Redoubled peals of trembling laughter bursts,
Convulsing every feature of the face.

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which, being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe Nature in her richest dress; for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the Smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called, "The Chorus of Conversation."

N^o 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15.

Redeunt Saturnia regna. VIRG. *Ecl.* 4. v. 6.

— Saturnian times

Roll round again.

DRYDEN.

THE Italians and French being dispatched, I come now to the English, whom I shall treat with such meekness as becomes a good patriot; and shall so far recommend this our island as a proper scene for pastoral under certain regulations, as will satisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed interest.

I must, in the first place, observe, that our countrymen have so good an opinion of the ancients, and

think so modestly of themselves, that the generality of pastoral writers have either stolen all from the Greeks and Romans, or so servilely imitated their manners and customs, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over some English pastorals a few days ago, I perused at least fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed ravens, besides blasted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed, most of the occasional pastorals we have, are built upon one and the same plan. A shepherd asks his fellow, why he is so pale? if his favourite sheep hath strayed, if his pipe be broken, or Phyllis unkind? He answers, None of these misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Damon (or sometimes the god Pan) is dead. This immediately causes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and silver streams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and shews him a track of light in the skies to confirm it; then invites him to chestnuts and cheese. Upon this scheme most of the noble families in Great Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforesaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be serviceable, I shall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the ancients. There are some things of an established nature in pastoral, which are essential to it, such as a country scene, innocence, simplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, such as habits, customs, and the like. The difference of the climate is also to be considered; for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very absurd in a colder country. By the same rule the difference of the soil, of fruits and flowers, is to be observed. And in so fine a country as Britain, what occasion is there for that

that p
that c
shephe
is the

" T
" S
" T
" I
" T
" T
" P
" P
" P
" "
" "
" "

T
ty,
that
know
rust
and
ver
seve

fo
dr
in
b

that profusion of hyacinths and Pæstan roses, and that cornucopia of foreign fruits, which the British shepherds never heard of! How much more pleasing is the following scene to an English reader!

“ This place may seem for shepherds leisure made,
 “ So lovingly these elms unite their shade;
 “ Th’ ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
 “ Its balmy sweets around on all beneath!
 “ The ground with grass of chearful green bespread,
 “ Thro’ which the springing flow’r up-rears its head.
 “ Lo, here the king-cup of a golden hue,
 “ Medly’d with daisies white, and endive blue!
 “ Hark, how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush,
 “ With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-bush!
 “ In pleasing comfort all the birds combine,
 “ And tempt us in the various song to join.”

The theology of the ancient pastoral is so very pretty, that it were pity entirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is universally known, and the rest to be made up out of our own rustical superstition of hob-thrushes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining persons, as they are described by several of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope.

“ About this spring (if ancient fable say true)
 “ The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue;
 “ Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 “ In circling dances gambol’d on the green;
 “ While tuneful sprights a merry consort made,
 “ And airy music warbled through the shade.”

What hath been said upon the difference of climate, soil, and theology, reaches the proverbial sayings, dress, customs and sports of shepherds. The following examples of our pastoral sports are extremely beautiful.

“ Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
 “ Upraise my heedless head, devoid of care,
 “ ’Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
 “ Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.

“ Who

" Who better seen than I in shepherds arts,
 " To please the lads, and win the lasses hearts ?
 " How deftly to mine oaten reed, so sweet,
 " Wont they upon the green to shift their feet !
 " And when the dance was done, how would they yearn
 " Some well-devised tale from me to learn !
 " For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
 " To chase the ling'ring sun a-down the sky."

——— " O now ! if ever, bring
 " The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
 " And tender branches from the mantling vine,
 " The dewy cowslip that in meadow grows,
 " The fountain violet, and garden rose :
 " Your hamlet strew, and every public way,
 " And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
 " Myself will lavish all my little store,
 " And deal about the goblet flowing o'er.
 " Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing,
 " And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
 " And Hobbinol his antic gambols play."

The reason why such changes from the ancients should be introduced, is very obvious ; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the customs which are most familiar or universally known, since no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is easy to be observed that these rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spencer and Philips have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whose manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a pastoral style according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not say they have excelled Virgil ; but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to suppose it more capable of that pretty rusticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader

reader
 where
 lio of

Fort

Alk

M
 ged i
 sittin
 very
 ately
 ways

O
 of h
 dies
 cern
 com
 M
 est
 plac
 cou
 of
 Wo
 Th
 gar
 the
 me

he
 lif
 on
 sh

reader to make observations upon the pastoral style; where he will sooner find that secret, than from a folio of criticisms.

N^o 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 16.

Fortem posce animum——

JUV. Sat. IO. v. 357.

Ask of the gods content and strength of mind.

MY Lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her engaged in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semicircle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow-chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs Jane declared, that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well regulated family. I could not but observe, that in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addresses to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, 'till she began to run down fortune in a lover; and, among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs Annabella, after having rallied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniencies of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness of temper, in one whom she could pitch upon for a husband. In short, tho' the baggage would not speak out, I found the
sum

sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune, and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echoes, and rivulets to make up the concert; she would not seem to include a husband in her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of cooing turtles, mossy banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitudes.

Miss Betty placed her *summum bonum* in equipages, assemblies, balls and birth-nights, talked in raptures of Sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my Lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks shewed that she did not approve such a redundancy of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness, and that she thought the most any one could do was to keep themselves from being uneasy: for, as Mr. Ironside has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy here, and happy hereafter. At the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or, if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My Lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look, The thing seemed to her of so great consequence, that she hoped I would for once forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same justness I would use among a company of my own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject, as

near

near as
ing pur

As

desire t
the wis
discove
confists
up no
opinion
cian,
notion
the a
any th

Th
this c
happi
canno
ral p

I f
is th
thou
and
suffic
pani
neces
bod
to
taug
evil

fuff
in
per
ch
sta
la
up
P

near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to shew the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point; which I conceive cannot be made up, but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow Virtue the first place, as she is the mother of content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision for all the necessities of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a stoic cry out, That Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.

But besides this, Virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in Pity, Love, and Friendship. In the two last passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human

man creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man therefore who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a "strength of mind," as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that "strength of mind" I am here speaking of, tho' he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said, it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that "strength of mind" and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude, and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a very great help on this occasion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these her treasures, in augmenting and disposing them in-
to

to prop
army.

At t
furnish
of its
cations
ginatio
the fo
the fir
" hea
repres
" A
ferenc
duces
all ah
happy
accid

It
come
fight
passa
Conc
turn
had
his
ever
whe
in p
dep
virt
thr
at
cer
an

to proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the same time I must own, that as a mind thus furnished, feels a secret pleasure in the consciousness of its own perfection, and is delighted with such occasions as call upon it to try its force; a lively imagination shall produce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first therefore may not be improperly called, "The heaven of a wise man;" the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms it "A fool's paradise." There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the most common misfortune.

It is this strength of mind that is not to be overcome by the change of fortune, that rises at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that passage of his life so much admired by the prince of Conde) when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at last command esteem, and give him a greater ascendant over others than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

N^o 32. FRIDAY, APRIL 17.

—— ipse volens, facilisque sequetur,
Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
Vincas—— VIRG. *Æn.* 6. v. 146.

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
 Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
 If not, no labour can the tree constrain;
 And strength of stubborn arms, and steel are vain. DRYDEN.

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon pastoral poetry, after a didactic manner, in some foregoing papers, wherein I have taken such hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the best of my judgment, and substituted others in their place, I shall close the whole with the following Fable or Allegory.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas; who deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the Golden Age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree. She had a voice that was exceeding sweet, yet had a rusticity in its tone, which, however, to most who heard her, seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law,

in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family ; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the Fairy, with a particular charge, not to bestow his daughter upon any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers ; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lillies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff ; she had her sheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut indeed after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accosted the damsel after a very gallant manner, and

told her *, "Madam, you need not to consult your
 " glass to adorn yourself to-day : you may see the
 " greatness of your beauty in the number of your
 " conquests." She having never heard any com-
 pliment so polite, could give him no answer, but pre-
 sented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and be-
 gan a tune, which he set off with so many graces
 and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses
 (who had paired themselves in order to dance) could
 not follow it ; as indeed it required great skill and
 regularity of steps, which they had never been bred
 to. Menalcas ordered him to be stript of his costly
 robes, and to be clad in a plain russet weed, and con-
 fined him to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year
 and a day.

The second that appeared was in a very different
 garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-
 skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected ; in
 his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He
 came up steering to the nymph, and told her †,
 " He had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young
 " kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter."
 The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and
 prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe.
 He snatched it from her, but with some difficulty
 made it sound ; which was in such harsh and jarring
 notes, that the shepherds cried one and all, that he
 understood no music. He was immediately ordered
 to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the
 goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any
 more.

The third that advanced, appeared in clothes that
 were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to
 move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with
 a thoughtful look and stately pace, and said ‡, " Di-
 vine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to im-
 prove your beauty, but to make them ashamed."

As

* Vid. Fountenelle. † Vid. Theocritus. ‡ Vid. Tasso.

As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood stock still, like people astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, and composed by the most skilful master in Hesperia. Menalcas finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

The fourth that stepped forwards was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unfurled air: She blushed as he came near her, and when she gave him the fatal present they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance, and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling-rod in his hand, a panier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked whence he came, and what he was? he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore, that his substance

consisted in sea-calves, and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. "Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?" said Menalcas; "to them then shalt thou return." The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his son Spencer, and Spencer was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

N^o 33. SATURDAY, APRIL 18.

—*Dignum sapiente, bonoque est.* HOR. Ep. 4. l. i. v. 5.

Worthy a wise man, and a good.

I HAVE made it a rule to myself, not to publish any thing on a Saturday, but what shall have some analogy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time when I can observe such a law to myself, and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the play-house. I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention "the tragedy of CATO." The principal character is moved by no consideration, but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language, under the word "Public Spirit." All regards to his domestic are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn as haying, by this motive, subdued instinct itself, and taking comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence

adheren
is noth
best of
him, a
this lif
be erat
man fo
its pro
ous p
as ex
vers (
ever y
sense
the a
an h
fame
whil
press
no c
a gr
bloo
goo
lay
only
is
his
ow
up
w
fi
an
th
o
d
t
t

adherence to the cause of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato, but what is worthy the best of men; and the sentiments which are given him, are not only the most warm for the conduct of this life, but such as we may think will not need to be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has its proper influence on all below it; the other virtuous personages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary as the principal; the conduct of the lovers (who are more warm, though more discreet, than ever yet appeared on the stage) has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæsar. But to see the modesty of an heroine, whose country and family were at the same time in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberless wounds; I say, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is so circumstantiated, that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves: but to make us so soon resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were so fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak on this occasion rather as a Guardian than a Critic, I could proceed to the examination

mination of the justness of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an African; and the scene between Juba and his General, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction: Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends, by men who abuse their talents; and Juba sets the less excellencies of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper subordination to the accomplishments of the mind. But this play is so well recommended by others, that I will not, for that, and some private reasons, enlarge any further. Doctor Garth has very agreeably rallied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age in the Epilogue by Mrs. Porter who acted Lucia. And Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new scene of passion and transport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the Prologue. I shall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town, by inserting these two excellent pieces, as earnest of the work itself, which will be printed within a few days.

PROLOGUE to CATO

By Mr POPE.

[Spoken by Mr WILKS.]

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age

Tyrants

Tyrant
And
Our
The
In pit
And
Here
Such
He b
And
Virtu
Wha
No c
But
A b
And
Wh
Wh
Wh
Ev'
Th
Ign
Sh
As
Th
Th
Th
He
A

A
W
R
C
O
D
E
S

Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And sees to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
 In pitying Love we but our weakness show,
 And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was.
 No common object to your sight displays;
 But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys.
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation, and Italian song:
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
 Such plays alone should please a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE to CATO.

By Dr GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
 Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
 What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
 Ladies are often cruel to their cost:
 To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
 Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
 Too oft they're cancell'd, though in Convents made.
 Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves—you may
 Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say:
 We hate you when you're easily said, Nay.
 How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
 Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
 Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would chuse,
 Too proud too ask, to humble to refuse:
 We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;
 He sighs with most success that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
 Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you.
 Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms;
 But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms:
 What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate!
 To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
 At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
 Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now.
 There golden idols all your vows receive;
 She is no goddess who has nought to give.
 Oh may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the soul sincere;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And crowns less coveted than groves and springs.
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And Constancy feel transport in its chains;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell;
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And Beauty fear no enemy but Time:
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

N^o 34. MONDAY, APRIL 20.

Mores multorum vidit

HOR. *Ars Poet.* v. 142.

He many men, and many manners saw.

IT is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation for the first half hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last, this modish way of shining, and being witty, settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon FINE GENTLEMEN. From the several characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with Fine Gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom'd wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennoble a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of Sir
William

William Hearty, because he wore a frize coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those awkward healthy gentlemen, that seem to make nourishment the chief end of eating. I gave her an account of an honest Yorkshire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) used to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their fast with him upon cold roast beef and mum. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleased to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would dispatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while his antagonist was piddling at a mushroom, or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good friends; by virtue of a maxim I always observe, never to contradict or reason with a sprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon what had passed; and though, in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of "a true Fine Gentleman."

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfection his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a Fine Gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a Fine Gentleman I mean a man completely qualified, as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight

light of
peculiar
the dign
is capabl
derstandi
judgmen
think of
and intr
of tend
I view t
ners, m
frank a
compla
humour
not eas
have a
man is
charac
with w
must r
he ma
must l
moral
the pe
to com
mind,
inter
polish
of w
more
add
lang
neith
neat
I
mee
mar
mer

light of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of: to this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the Fine Gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good-humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices; of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue: neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found; men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent. But

a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Benefit of my Female Readers.

N. B. "The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a-day."

N° 35. TUESDAY, APRIL 21.

☉ *vita philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix!*

Cic.

☉ philosophy, thou guide of life, and discoverer of virtue!

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

SIR,

I AM a man who have spent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries, which young gentlemen usually pass at the university; by which course of life, although I have acquired no small insight into the manners and conversation of men, yet I could not make proportion-
able

able advances in the way of science and speculation. In my return through France, as I was one day setting forth this my case to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendship; after some pause, he conducted me into his closet, and opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a small box of snuff; which, he said, was given him by an uncle of his, the author of "The Voyage to the World of Descartes;" and with many professions of gratitude and affection, made me a present of it, telling me, at the same time, that he knew no readier way to furnish and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and sciences, than that same snuff rightly applied.

You must know, said he, that Descartes was the first who discovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affected with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits which run through the nerves, that are thence extended to all parts of the body. He added, that the same philosopher having considered the body as a machine, or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for separating the soul for some time from the body, without any injury to the latter; and that, after much meditation on that subject, the above-mentioned virtuoso composed the snuff he then gave me; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to disengage my soul from my body. Your soul (continued he) being at liberty to transport herself with a thought wherever she pleases, may enter into the pineal gland of the most learned philosopher, and being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods. I re-

‘ turned him thanks, and accepted his present, and
 ‘ with it a paper of directions.

‘ You may imagine it was no small improvement
 ‘ and diversion, to pass my time in the pineal glands
 ‘ of philosophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, la-
 ‘ dies and statesmen. One while to trace a theorem
 ‘ in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intri-
 ‘ cate turns, and subtilties of thought; another, to
 ‘ be conscious of the sublime ideas and comprehen-
 ‘ sive views of a philosopher, without any fatigue or
 ‘ wasting of my own spirits. Sometimes to wander
 ‘ through perfumed groves, or enamelled meadows,
 ‘ in the fancy of a poet: at others, to be present
 ‘ when a battle or a storm raged, or a glittering pa-
 ‘ lace rose in his imagination; or to behold the plea-
 ‘ sures of a country life, the passion of a generous
 ‘ love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to
 ‘ rapture. Or (to use the words of a very ingeni-
 ‘ ous author) to

“ Behold the raptures which a writer knows,

“ When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,

“ Behold his business while he works the mine,

“ Behold his temper when he sees it shine.”

Essay on the different styles of poetry.

‘ These gave me inconceivable pleasure. Nor was
 ‘ it an unpleasant entertainment, sometimes to de-
 ‘ scend from these sublime and magnificent ideas to
 ‘ the impertinencies of a beau, the dry schemes of a
 ‘ coffee-house politician, or the tender images in the
 ‘ mind of a young lady. And as, in order to frame
 ‘ a right idea of human happiness, I thought it ex-
 ‘ pedient to make a trial of the various manners where-
 ‘ in men of different pursuits were affected; I one day
 ‘ entered into the pineal gland of a certain person
 ‘ who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all
 ‘ that which constitutes the happiness of him who is
 ‘ called “ a man of pleasure.” But I found myself
 ‘ not a little disappointed in my notion of the plea-
 ‘ sures

‘ fures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason.

‘ His intellectuals, I observed, were grown unserviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to sensual gratifications; and the outrunning natural appetite produced a loathing instead of a pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teased and roused by some powerful object, the effect was, not to delight or sooth the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite and satiety. I saw a wretch racked, at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity. And I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his passions and suppressing his reason. But though it must be owned, he had almost quenched that light which his Creator had set up in his soul, yet, in spite of all his efforts, I observed, at certain seasons, frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself.

‘ I was also present at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a Free-thinker, and, believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the secret manner and internal principles by which that phenomenon was formed, I shall in my next give you an account of it. I am, in the mean time,

‘ Your most obedient humble servant,

‘ ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.’

N. B. Mr. Ironside has lately received out of France, ten pound avoirdupois weight of this philosophical snuff, and gives notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the professed sentiments of all persons of eminence in court, city, town and country.

N^o 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22.

Punnica se quantis attollet gloria rebus! VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 49.

What *rebus*es exalt the *Punnic* fame!

THE gentleman, who doth me the favour to write the following letter, saith as much for himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleased to find, that in his "Apology for PUNNING," he only celebrates the art as it is a part of conversation. I look upon premeditated quibbles and puns committed to the press as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt these and the starts in common discourse, as betwixt casual rencounters, and murder with malice prepense.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

SIR,

I HAVE from your writings, conceived such an opinion of your benevolence to mankind, that I trust you will not suffer any art to be vilified, which helps to polish and adorn us. I do not know any sort of wit that hath been used so reproachfully as the PUN; and I persuade myself that I shall merit your esteem, by recommending it to your protection; since there can be no greater glory to a
"generous

‘ generous soul than to succour the distressed. I shall
‘ therefore, without farther preface, offer to your
‘ consideration, the following “ Modest apology for
‘ PUNNING;” wherein I shall make use of no double
‘ meanings or equivocations; since I think it unne-
‘ cessary to give it any other praises than truth and
‘ common sense, its professed enemies, are forced to
‘ grant.

‘ In order to make this an useful work, I shall
‘ state the nature and extent of the Pun, I shall dis-
‘ cover the advantages that flow from it, the moral
‘ virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it
‘ hath to promote vigour of body, and ease of mind.

‘ The Pun is defined by one, who seems to be no
‘ well-wisher to it, to be “ A conceit arising from the
‘ use of two words that agree in the sound, but dif-
‘ fer in the sense.” Now, if this be the essence of the
‘ Pun, how great must we allow the dignity of it to
‘ be, when we consider that it takes in most of the
‘ considerable parts of learning! For is it not most
‘ certain, that all learned disputes are rather about
‘ sounds than sense? Are not the controversies of di-
‘ vines about the different interpretations of terms?
‘ Are not the disputations of philosophers about
‘ words, and all their pompous distinctions only so
‘ many unravellings of double meanings? Who ever
‘ lost his estate in Westminster-Hall, but complain-
‘ ed that he was quibbled out of his right? Or what
‘ monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of e-
‘ quivocation? In short, so great is the excellence
‘ of this art, so diffusive its influence, that when I
‘ go into a library, I say to myself, What volumes
‘ of Puns do I behold? When I look upon the men
‘ of business, I cry out, How powerful is the tribe
‘ of the Quibblers! When I see statesmen and am-
‘ bassadors, I reflect, How splendid the equipage of
‘ the Quirk! in what pomp do the Punsters appear!

‘ But as there are Serious Puns, such as I have
‘ instanced

‘ instanced in, so likewise there are Puns Comical.
 ‘ These are what I would recommend to my coun-
 ‘ trymen ; which I shall do by displaying the advan-
 ‘ tages flowing from them.

‘ The first advantage of Punning is, that it gives
 ‘ us the compass of our own language. This is very
 ‘ obvious. For the great business of the Punster is
 ‘ to hunt out the several words in our tongue that
 ‘ agree in sound, and have various signification. By
 ‘ this means we will likewise enter into the nicety of
 ‘ spelling, an accomplishment regarded only by mid-
 ‘ dling people, and much neglected by persons of
 ‘ great and no quality. This error may produce
 ‘ unnecessary folios amongst grammarians yet unborn.
 ‘ But to proceed. A man of learning hath, in this
 ‘ manner of wit, great advantages : as indeed, what
 ‘ advantages do not flow from learning ? If the Pun
 ‘ fails in English, he may have speedy recourse to
 ‘ the Latin or the Greek, and so on. I have known
 ‘ wonders performed by this secret ; I have heard
 ‘ the French assisted by the German, the Dutch
 ‘ mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath
 ‘ seemed desperate in the Greek, I have known it
 ‘ revive in the Hebrew. My friend Dick Babel hath
 ‘ often, to show his parts, started a conceit at the
 ‘ equinoctial, and pursued it through all the degrees
 ‘ of latitude : and after he had punned round the
 ‘ globe, hath sat down like Alexander, and mourn-
 ‘ ed that he had no more worlds to conquer.

‘ Another advantage in Punning is, that it ends
 ‘ disputes, or what is all one, Puns Comical destroy
 ‘ Puns Serious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows
 ‘ very well, that about twelve, people that do not
 ‘ kiss or cry are apt to debate. This often occa-
 ‘ sions heats and heart-burnings, unless one of the
 ‘ disputants vouchsafes to end the matter with a joke.
 ‘ How often have Aristotle and Cartesius been re-
 ‘ conciled by a merry conceit ! how often have Whigs
 ‘ and

‘ and Tories shook hands over a quibble, and the
‘ clashing of swords been prevented by the jingling
‘ of words !

‘ Attention of mind is another benefit enjoyed by
‘ Pundsters. This is discoverable from the perpetual
‘ gape of the company where they are, and the ear-
‘ nest desire to know what was spoken last, if a word
‘ escapes any one at the table. I must add, that quick
‘ apprehension is required in the hearer, readily to
‘ take some things which are very far fetched ; as
‘ likewise great vivacity in the performer, to recon-
‘ cile distant and even hostile ideas by the mere mi-
‘ micry of words and energy of sound.

‘ Mirth or good humour is the last advantage,
‘ that, out of a million, I shall produce to recom-
‘ mend punning. But this will more naturally fall
‘ in when I come to demonstrate its operation upon
‘ the mind and body. I shall now discover what
‘ moral virtues it promotes, and shall content myself
‘ with instancing in those which every reader will al-
‘ low of.

‘ A Pundster is adorned with humility. This our
‘ adversaries will not deny ; because they hold it to
‘ be a condescension in any man to trifle, as they ar-
‘ rogantly call it, with words. I must however con-
‘ fess, for my own share, I never punned out of the
‘ pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our
‘ fraternity that seemed to be troubled with the thirst
‘ of glory.

‘ The virtue called Urbanity by the moralists,
‘ or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this
‘ science. For the whole spirit of Urbanity consists
‘ in a desire to please the company ; and what else is
‘ the design of the Pundster ? Accordingly we find
‘ such bursts of laughter, such agitations of the sides,
‘ such contortions of the limbs, such earnest at-
‘ tempts to recover the dying laugh, such transport
‘ in the enjoyment of it, in equivocating assemblies,

as men of common sense are amazed at, and own they never felt.

But nothing more displays itself in the Punster, than Justice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board, every performer hath his due. The soul is struck at once, and the body recognizes the merit of each joke by sudden and comical emotions. Indeed how should it be otherwise, where not only words, but even syllables have justice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but, with perfect innocence and good nature, takes as much delight in his neighbour's joy, as in his own?

From what hath been advanced, it will easily appear, that this science contributes to ease of body, and serenity of mind. You have, in a former PRECAUTION, advised your heftical readers to associate with those of our brotherhood, who are, for the most part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural the next morning, after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourselves the night before: And I appeal to any one whether it will not occasion greater peace of mind to consider, that he hath only been waging harmless war with words; than if he had stirred his brother to wrath, grieved the soul of his neighbour by calumny, or increased his own wealth by fraud. As for health of body, I look upon punning as a *Nostrum*, a *Medicina Gymnastica*, that throws off all the bad humours, and occasions such a brisk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear and constant flame. I speak, as all physicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this spring, was, after the failing of several medicines and charms, advised by me to enter into a course of quibbling. He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took ABRACADABRA off from
his

‘ his neck, and by the mere force of punning upon
‘ that long magical word, threw himself into a fine
‘ breathing sweat, and a quiet sleep. He is now in
‘ a fair way of recovery, and says pleasantly, he is
‘ less obliged to the Jesuits for their powder, than
‘ for their equivocation.

‘ Sir, this is “my modest apology for punning,”
‘ which I was the more encouraged to undertake,
‘ because we have a learned University where it is in
‘ request, and I am told that a famous club hath
‘ given it protection. If this meets with encourage-
‘ ment, I shall write a vindication of the Rebus, and
‘ do justice to the Conundrum. I have indeed look-
‘ ed philosophically into their natures, and made a
‘ sort of Arbor Porphyriana of the several subordi-
‘ nations and divisions of low wit. This the ladies
‘ perhaps may not understand; but I shall thereby
‘ give the beaux an opportunity of showing their
‘ learning. I am,

‘ S I R,

‘ with great respect,

‘ Your most obedient humble servant.’

N^o 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 23.

Me duce damnosas, homines, compefcite curas.

OVID. Rem. Amor. v. 69.

Learn, mortals, from my precepts, to control
The furious passions that disturb the soul.

IT is natural for an old man to be fond of such en-
tertainments as revive in his imagination the a-
greeable impressions made upon it in his youth. The
lect of wits and beauties he was first acquainted with,
the

the balls and drawing-rooms in which he made an agreeable figure; the music and actors he heard and saw, when his life was fresh, and his spirits vigorous and quick, have usually the preference in his esteem to any succeeding pleasures that present themselves when his taste is grown more languid. It is for this reason I never see a picture of Sir Peter Lely's, who drew so many of my first friends and acquaintance, without a sensible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compositions of the famous Mr Henry Laws, long before Italian music was introduced in our nation. Above all, I am pleased in observing that the tragedies of Shakespear, which in my youthful days have so frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank still, and are the great support of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepossession of mind I went some time ago to see the old tragedy of O-THELLO, and took my female wards with me, having promised them, a little before, to carry them to the first play of Shakespear's which should be acted. Mrs Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruse the play-bills which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my Lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all dressed, and expecting the performance of my promise. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myself by them in a corner seat. As I have the chief scenes of the play by heart, I did not look much on the stage, but formed to myself a new satisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and observing, as it were by reflection, the different passions of the play represented in their countenances. Mrs Betty told us the names of several persons of distinction, as they took their places in the boxes, and entertained us with the history of a new marriage or two till the curtain drew up. I soon perceived,

perceived that Mrs Jane was touched with the love of Desdemona, and in a concern to see how she would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for some time was more taken up with observing what gentlemen looked at her, and with criticising the drels of the ladies, than with any thing that passed on the stage. Mrs Cornelia, who I have often said is addicted to the study of romances, commended that speech in the play in which Othello mentions his " Hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach," and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Desdemona. The Sparkler looked several times frightened; and as the distress of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the stage, till I saw them all, with a secret satisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often considered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius, which had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are strong and masterly, but the œconomy of the fable, and in some particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would speak of it in the most severe terms, I should say as Waller does of the MAID'S TRAGEDY,

" Great are its faults, but glorious is its flame."

But it would be a poor employment in a critic to observe upon the faults, and shew no taste for the beauties, in a work that has always struck the most sensible part of our audiences in a very forcible manner.

The chief subject of this piece is the passion of jealousy, which the poet hath represented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agonies, and its horrid consequences. From this passion, and the

innocence and simplicity of the person suspected, arises a very moving distress.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions, that the "most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred." The Moor is furious in both these extremes. His love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, which seems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How savage, yet how ardent is that expression of the raptures of his heart, when looking after Desdemona as she withdraws, he breaks out,

"Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
 " But I do love thee ; and when I love thee not,
 " Chaos is come again."

The deep and subtle villany of Iago, in working this change from love to jealousy, in so tumultuous a mind as that of Othello, prepossessed with a confidence in the disinterested affection of the man who is leading him on insensibly to his ruin, is likewise drawn with a masterly hand. Iago's broken hints, questions, and seeming care to hide the reason of them ; his obscure suggestions to raise the curiosity of the Moor ; his personated confusion, and refusing to explain himself, while Othello is drawn on, and held in suspense till he grows impatient and angry ; then his throwing in the poison, and naming to him in a caution the passion he would raise,

—" O beware of jealousy !"—

are inimitable strokes of art, in that scene which has always been justly esteemed one of the best which was ever represented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello : His strife of passions, his starts, his returns of love, and threatenings to Iago, who had put his mind on the rack ;
 his

his relapses afterwards to jealousy, his rage against his wife, and his asking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abused for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the sentiments of human nature, or has considered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the Moor suffers are so exquisitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compassion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Desdemona, as the innocent person herself who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more shewn his judgment in this play, than in the circumstance of the handkerchief, which is employed as a confirmation to the jealousy of Othello already raised. What I would here observe is, that the very slightness of this circumstance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakespeare expressed the nature of jealousy in those lines, which, on this occasion, he puts into the mouth of Iago!

“ Trifles light as air
 “ Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 “ As proofs of Holy Writ.”

It would be easy for a tasteless critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule; but such an one would only betray a mechanical judgment formed out of borrowed rules and commonplace reading, and not arising from any true discernment in human nature and its passions.

As the moral of this tragedy is an admirable caution against hasty suspicions, and the giving way to the first transports of rage and jealousy, which may plunge a man in a few minutes into all the horrors of guilt, distraction and ruin, I shall further enforce it, by relating a scene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened some years ago in

Spain ; and is an instance of the most tragical hurricane of passion I have ever met with in history. It may be easily conceived, that an heart ever big with resentments of its own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourselves for acting with reason and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will on a sudden flame too high to be extinguished. The short story I am going to tell is a lively instance of the truth of this observation, and a just warning to those of jealous honour to look about them, and begin to possess their souls as they ought ; for no man of spirit knows how terrible a creature he is till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spanish nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for some years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults usually imputed to his nation ; he was proud, suspicious and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his house, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had punished for a small offence with the utmost severity. The slave vowed revenge, and communicated his resolution to one of the lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature also hated her mistress, for she feared she was observed by her ; she therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by insinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his Lady in private, and promising to make him an eye-witness of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Morisco, she sent a message to the gardener, that his Lady having some hasty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time, she had placed Alonzo privately in an outer-room, that he might observe who passed that way. It was not long before he saw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but following him into the apartment,

struck

struck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart ; then dragging his Lady by the hair without inquiring farther, he instantly killed her.

Here he paused, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a dæmon of revenge ; when the wench who had occasioned these terrors, distracted with remorse, threw herself at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without sense of the consequence, repeated all her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent passions at one instant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment, till at last he recollected himself enough to end his agony of love, anger, disdain, revenge and remorse, by murdering the maid, the Moor, and himself.

N^o 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 24.

—*Prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.*

HOR. Ep. I. l. I. v. 32.

Thus far at least, though here we stop.

I HAVE lately given a PRECAUTION concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be esteemed a ' Fine Gentleman.' That character has been long wholly engrossed by well dressed beaux, and men of sense have given up all pretence to it. The highest any of them contend for is the character of a ' pretty gentleman ;' for here the dress may be more careless, and some wit is thought necessary ; whereas a ' fine gentleman ' is not obliged to converse further than the offering his snuff-box round the room. However, the ' pretty gentleman ' must have his airs ; and though they are not so pompous as those of the other, yet they are so affected, that

few who have understanding can bring themselves to be proficient this way, though ever so useful towards being well received; but if they fail here, they succeed with some difficulty in being allowed to have 'much of the gentleman' in them. To obtain this epithet, a man of sense must arrive at a certain desire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit she should be encouraged in this attempt, since nothing can mend the general taste, but setting the true character in as public a view as the false. This indeed can never be done to the purpose, while the majority is so great on the wrong side; one of a hundred will have the shout against him. But if people of wit would be as zealous to assist old Ironside, as he is to promote them and their interest, a little time would give these things a new turn. However, I will not despair but I shall be able to summon all the good sense in the nation to my assistance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of such as have hitherto pretended to engross the fashion. The university scholar shall be called upon to learn his exercise, and frequent mixed company; the military and the travelled man, to read the best authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, so as, together with the care of his estate, to make an equal progress in learning and breeding; and when the several candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint under-officers to examine their qualifications; and as I am satisfied with their report, give out my passports recommending them to all companies as 'the GUARDIAN's Fine Gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present fine gentlemen will see the necessity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have indeed already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed searchers to attend at the inns, where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches stand, and

and commanded them to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as soon as he lands: for I will take him, though I know I can only make him 'much of a gentleman;' for when I have gone thus far, one would think it should be easy to make him 'a gentleman-like man.' As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by 'gentlemanly, gentleman-like,' or 'much of a gentleman. You cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by 'a very gentleman-like man;' you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in some 'gentlemanly manner;' you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will say of him that did the injury, it must be allowed 'he is very much of a gentleman.' Here is a very pleasant fellow, a correspondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highwaymen. I must confess the gentleman he personates is very apparently such, though I did not look upon that sort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows.

' Mr. IRONSIDE,

' I HAVE been upon the highway these six years, in the Park, at the play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, and at every other place where I could have any prospect of stealing a fortune; but have met with no success, being disappointed either by some of your damned Ironside race, or by old cursed curs, who put more bolts on their doors, and bars in their windows, than are in Newgate. All that see me, own I am "a gentleman-like man;" and whatever rascally things the grave folk say I am guilty of, they themselves acknowledge I am a "gentlemanly kind of a man," and in every respect accomplished for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no business, am illiterate, have spent the small fortune I had in purchasing favours from
the

' the fair sex. The bounty of their purses I have re-
 ' ceived, as well as the endearments of their persons :
 ' but I have gratefully disposed of it among them-
 ' selves, for I always was a keeper when I was kept.
 ' I am fearless in my behaviour, and never fail of
 ' putting your bookish sort of fellows, your men of
 ' merit, forsooth, out of countenance. I triumph
 ' when I see a modest young woman blush at an as-
 ' ssembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-
 ' wrought scene in a tragedy. I have long forgot
 ' shame, for it proceeds from a consciousness of some
 ' defect, and I am, as I told you, " a gentlemanly
 " man." I never knew any but you musty philoso-
 ' phers applaud blushes; and you yourselves will al-
 ' low that they are caused, either by some real im-
 ' perfection, or the apprehension of defect where
 ' there is not any; but for my part I hate mistakes,
 ' and shall not suspect myself wrongfully. Such as I
 ' am, if you approve of my person, estate and cha-
 ' racter, I desire you would admit me as a suitor to
 ' one of the Lizards, and beg your speedy answer to
 ' this; for it is the last time my black coat will bear
 ' scouring, or my long wig buckling.

' I am SIR,

' the fair ladies, and

' your humble servant,

' WILL. BAREFACE.'

Those on the highway, who make a stand with a
 pistol at your breast (compelled perhaps by necessity,
 misfortune, or driven out of an honest way of life, to
 answer the wants of a craving family) are much more
 excusable than those of their fraternity, who join the
 conversations of gentlemen, and get into a share of
 their fortunes, without one good art about them.
 What a crowd of these ' gentleman-like men' are
 about.

about this town! For from an unjust modesty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and industry in our nation, it happens that impudence suppresses all virtue, and assumes the reward and esteem which are due to it. Hence it is, that worthless rogues have the smiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dressed and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undistinguishing age, is enough to constitute a person 'very much of a gentleman;' and to this pass are we come, by the prostitution of wit in the cause of vice, which has made the most unreasonable and unnatural things prevail against all the suggestions of common sense: no body denies that we live in a Christian country, and yet he who should decline, upon respective opportunities, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought 'very little of a gentleman.'

N^o 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 25.

——— *Ægri somnia.*

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 7.

A sick man's dreams.

MY correspondent, who has acquired the faculty of entering into other mens thoughts, having, in pursuance to a former letter, sent me an account of certain useful discoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I shall communicate the same to the public in this paper.

' Mr. IRONside,

' ON the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up safe in my study, I repaired to the Grecian Coffee-house, where entering into the pineal gland of a certain
' eminent

‘ eminent Free-thinker, I made directly to the highest part of it, which is the seat of the understanding, expecting to find there a comprehensive knowledge of all things human and divine; but, to my no small astonishment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, insomuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophesy, or separate spirit.

‘ This obliged me to descend a story lower, into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortless. I discovered PREJUDICE in the figure of a woman standing in a corner, with her eyes close shut, and her fore-fingers stuck in her ears; many words in a confused order, but spoken with great emphasis, issued from her mouth. These being condensed by the coldness of the place, formed a sort of mist, through which, methought I saw a great castle, with a fortification cast round it, and a tower adjoining to it, that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the castle I could discern vast dungeons, and all about it lay scattered the bones of men. It seemed to be garrisoned by certain men in black, of gigantic size, and most terrible forms. But as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vanished, and the castle I found to be only a church, whose steeple with its clock and bell-ropes was mistaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black shrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults designed only for the habitation of the dead, and the fortifications proved to be a church-yard, with some scattered bones in it, and a plain stone-wall round it.

‘ I had not been long here before my curiosity was raised by a loud noise that I heard in the inferior region. Descending thither, I found a mob of the passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings soon convinced me, that they

‘ they affected a democracy. After much noise and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to VANITY, who proposed the raising of a great army of notions, which she offered to lead against those dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occasioned all this uproar.

‘ Away posted VANITY, and I after her, to the store-house of ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeless notions confusedly thrown together; but upon the approach of VANITY they began to crawl. Here were to be seen, among other odd things, sleeping deities, corporeal spirits, and worlds formed by chance, with an endless variety of heathen notions, the most irregular and grotesque imaginable. And with these were jumbled several of Christian extraction; but such was the dress and light they were put in, and their features were so distorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was likewise assembled no small number of phantoms in strange habits, who proved to be idolatrous priests of different nations. VANITY gave the word, and straightway the Talopains, Faquirs, Bramins and Bonzes drew up in a body. The right wing consisted of ancient heathen notions, and the left of Christians naturalized. All these together, for numbers, composed a very formidable army; but the precipitation of VANITY was so great, and such was their own inbred aversion to the tyranny of rules and discipline, that they seemed rather a confused rabble, than a regular army. I could, nevertheless, observe, that they all agreed in a squinting look, or cast of their eyes towards a certain person in a mask, who was placed in the center, and whom by sure signs and tokens I discovered to be ATHEISM.

‘ VANITY had no sooner led her forces into the imagination, but she resolved upon storming the castle, and giving no quarter. They began the assault

' assault with a loud outcry and great confusion. I,
 ' for my part, made the best of my way, and re-en-
 ' tered my own lodging. Some time after, enquiring
 ' at a bookseller's for "A discourse on Free-think-
 " ing," which had made some noise, I met with the
 ' representatives of all those notions drawn up in the
 ' same confused order upon paper. Sage Nestor,
 ' I am

' your most obedient humble servant,

' ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.'

' N. B. I went round the table, but could not
 ' find a wit or mathematician among them.'

I imagine the account here given may be useful in
 directing to the proper cure of a Free-thinker. In
 the first place, it is plain his understanding wants to
 be opened and enlarged, and he should be taught the
 way to order and methodise his ideas; to which end
 the study of the mathematics may be useful. I am
 further of opinion, that as his imagination is filled
 with amusements, arising from prejudice, and the ob-
 scure or false lights in which he sees things, it will be
 necessary to bring him into good company, and now
 and then carry him to church; by which means he
 may, in time, come to a right sense of religion, and
 wear off the ill impressions he has received. Lastly,
 I advise whoever undertakes the reformation of a
 modern Free-thinker, that above all things he be
 careful to subdue his vanity; that being the principal
 motive which prompts a little genius to distinguish
 itself by singularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the passion of vanity, as it is for the most
 part very strong in your Free-thinkers, cannot be sub-
 dued, let it be won over to the interest of religion,
 by giving them to understand that the greatest genii
 of the age have a respect for things sacred; that their
 rhapsodies

rhapsodies find no admirers, and that the name *Free-thinker* has, like *tyrant* of old, degenerated from its original signification, and is now supposed to denote something contrary to wit and reason. In fine, let them know, that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppose the received opinions of Christians, yet, that now the humour is worn out, and blasphemy and irreligion are distinctions which have long since descended down to lacqueys and drawers.

But it must be my business to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman's appearing very sorry that he was not well during a late fit of sickness, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that occasion, except he was sure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world, the following advertisement got a place in the Post-boy.

WHEREAS in the paper called the Guardian, of Saturday the eleventh of April instant, a corollary reflection was made on Monsieur D——, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, author of a book lately published, entitled,

“ A philological Essay, or, Reflections on the death of Free-thinkers, with the characters of the most eminent persons of both sexes, ancient and modern, that died pleasantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker in Pater-noster-row; suggesting, as if that gentleman, now in London, ‘ was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery.’ This is to assure the public, that the said gentleman never expressed the least concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a most heroical and philosophical resignation; of which a copy of

“ verses he writ, in the serene intervals of his distemper, is an invincible proof.”

All that I contend for, is, that this gentleman was out of humour when he was sick; and the advertiser, to confute me, says, that “ in the serene intervals of his distemper,” that is, when he was not sick, he writ verses. I shall not retract my advertisement till I see those verses, and I will chuse what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurse, nor then neither, except she is an house-keeper. I must tie this gentleman close to the argument; for if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpose, nor are they heroic verses.

The point of being merry at the hour of death, is a matter that ought to be settled by divines; but the publisher of the Philological Essay produces his chief authorities from Lucretius, the Earl of Rochester, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themselves obliged to prove all they said, or else proved their assertions, by saying or swearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be absolutely necessary that a man should be facetious at his death, it would be very well if these gentlemen, Monsieur D—— and Mr. B—— would repent betimes, and not trust to a death-bed ingenuity. By what has appeared hitherto, they have only raised our longing to see their posthumous works.

The author of “ *Poetæ Rusticantis literatum Otium*,” is but a mere phraseologist; the philological publisher is but a translator: but I expected better usage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original.

N^o 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27.

*Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum :
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.*

VIRG. Ecl. 7. v. 2. & ult.

Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains—
Since when, tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

DRYDEN.

I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no farther discourses of Pastorals : but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whose eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's ; I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free-spirit of criticism, and without apprehension of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence ; it is therefore plain, that any deviations from that design, degrade a poem from being true pastoral. In this view, it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be such : his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent ; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second ; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord ; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder.

der. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinſius *, Salmaſius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewiſe obſerve that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as paſtorals; and even out of that number, the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reaſons above mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken all together, are rather ſelect poems, than paſtorals; I might have ſaid the ſame thing, with no leſs truth, of Theocritus. The reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the critics, viz. "They never meant them all for paſtorals." Which it is plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As ſimplicity is the diſtinguiſhing characteristic of paſtoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtile: his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peaſants. I have frequently wondered, that ſince he was ſo converſant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the ruſticity of the Doric, as well by the help of the old obſolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated Engliſh. For example, might he not have ſaid *Quoi* inſtead of *Cui*: *Quuium* for *Cujum*: *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our modern hath *Welladay* for *Alas*, *Whilome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witleſs younglings* for *ſimple lambs*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenſer.

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcene of his paſtorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyriſis on Britiſh plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: Whereas Philips, who

* See Rapin de Carm. Paſt. pars 3.

who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So easy as pastoral writing may seem, (in the simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books; it must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we consider he had not the happiness of an university education; but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose whole third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the nightingale, shows with what exactness he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth in descriptions where the scene lies in our country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November mentions the mournful song of the nightingale.

"Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep."

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, lilies, and daffodils blow in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two
Q contemporary

contemporary pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately!

Hobb. "Come, Rosalind, O come; for without thee

"What pleasure can the country have for me?

"Come, Rosalind, O come: My brinded kine,

"My snowy sheep, my farm, and all is thine.

Lang. "Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,

"Here are cool fountains, and here springing flow'rs.

"Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,

"And sweetly waste our live-long time away."

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into down-right poetry.

Streph. "In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,

"At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,

"But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,

"Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. "Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,

"More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;

"Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here:

"But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year."

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses.

Hobb. "As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by:

"She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye:

"Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd:

"Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

Lang. "As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,

"Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay,

"The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly:

"Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye."

The other modern (who, it must be confessed, hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:

Streph. "Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,

"Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;

"But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,

"And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph.

Daph. "The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
 "She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 "While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 "How much at variance are her feet and eyes!"

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of, than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook:

"Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,
 "To speak the giver's name, the month and year;
 "The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
 "And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd."

The other, of a bowl embossed with figures:

—"where wanton ivy twines,
 "And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
 "Four figures rising from the work appear,
 "The various seasons of the rolling year;
 "And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
 "Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie."

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

"And what that height, which girds the welkin sheen,
 "Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen."

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former, with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity; of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted.

"O woful day! O day of woe, quoth he,
 "And woful I, who live the day to see!"

That

That simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words in this dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals a shepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

- " Ah me the while, ah me, the luckless day!
 " Ah luckless lad, the rather might I say;
 " Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
 " Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep."

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels: For example,

- " A rolling stone is even bare of moss;
 " And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
 " — He that late lies down, as late will rise,
 " And, sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies.
 " Against ill-luck all cunning foresight fails;
 " Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.
 " — Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong."

Lastly, his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of pastoral, to confine themselves to their several counties. Spenser seems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the scene of one of his pastorals in Wales, where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unusual and elegant manner.

- " Diggon Davy, I bid hur god-day:
 " Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say."

Diggon answers,

- " Hur was hur while it was day-light;
 " But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c."

But

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, "A pastoral Ballad;" which, I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a farther beauty of this pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a-milking.

Cicily. " Rager go vetch tha * kee, or else the zun
" Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.

Roger. " Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a be
" To dreave our bull to bull tha parson's kee."

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of jealousy; and his mentioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdes Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

Cicily. " Ah Rager, Rager, chee was zore avraid
" When in yond vield you kifs'd tha parson's maid:
" Is this the love that once to me you zed
" When from the wake thou brought'st me ginger-bread ?

Roger. " Cicily thou charg'st me false—I'll zwear to thee,
" The parson's maid is still a maid for me."

In which answer of his are express'd at once that " Spirit of Religion," and that " Innocence of the " Golden Age," so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world.

" So

* That is, the kine or cows.

" So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,
 " And vor her bucket in went Cicily."

I am loath to shew my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spenser and Philips have hit into the same road with this old west country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a pastoral writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry, they are by no means Pastorals, but "something better *."

N^o 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 28.

Even churches are no sanctuaries now.

Epilogue to CATO.

THE following letter has so much truth and reason in it, that I believe every man of sense and honour in England will have a just indignation against the person, who could commit so great a violence, as that of which my correspondent complains.

To the Author of the GUARDIAN.

S I R,

I CLAIM a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which
 " you

* The foregoing Essay by Mr. Pope himself.

‘ you made at your first appearance, and the very
‘ title you assume to yourself.

‘ If the circumstance which I am going to men-
‘ tion is over-look’d by one who calls himself
‘ GUARDIAN, I am sure honour and integrity, in-
‘ nocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care.
‘ —The EXAMINER ends his discourse of Friday the
‘ twenty-fourth instant with these words :

“ No sooner was D — among the Whigs, and
“ confirmed past retrieving, but Lady Char — te is
“ taken knotting in Saint James’s chapel during di-
“ vine service, in the immediate presence both of God
“ and her Majesty, who were affronted together,
“ that the family might appear to be entirely come
“ over. I spare the beauty for the sake of her birth ;
“ but certainly there was no occasion for so public a
“ proof, that her fingers are more dexterous in tying
“ a knot, than her father’s brains in perplexing the
“ government.”

‘ It is apparent that the person here intended is
‘ by her birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of
‘ Great Britain ; and the treatment this author is pleas-
‘ ed to give her, he makes no scruple to own, she is
‘ exposed to by being his daughter. Since he has as-
‘ sumed a licence to talk of this nobleman in print to
‘ his disadvantage, I hope his Lordship will pardon
‘ me, that out of the interest which I, and all true
‘ Englishmen have in his character, I take the liber-
‘ ty to defend him.

‘ I am willing on this occasion, to allow the claim
‘ and pretension to merit to be such, as the same au-
‘ thor describes in his preceding paper.

“ By active merit (says the EXAMINER of the
“ twenty-first) I understand, not only the power
“ and ability to serve, but the actual exercise of
“ any one or more virtues, for promoting the good of
“ one’s country, and a long and steady course of real
“ endeavours to appear useful in a government ; or
“ where

“ where a person, eminently qualified for public affairs, distinguishes himself in some critical juncture, and at the expence of his ease and fortune, or, with the hazard of his person, exposes himself to the malice of a designing faction, by thwarting their wicked purposes, and contributing to the safety, repose and welfare of a people.”

‘ Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl by this description. Upon the late glorious Revolution, when it was in debate in what manner the people of England should express their gratitude to their deliverer, this Lord, from the utmost tenderness and loyalty to his unhappy prince, and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change, voted against King William’s accession to the throne: however, his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, ‘ Though he could not make a king, he could obey him.’ The whole course and tenor of his life ever since, has been visibly animated by a steady and constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion, or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence which the House of Lords pronounced on that occasion. But, indeed, I have not heard that any of his Lordship’s dependents joined St HARRY * in the pilgrimage which ‘ that meek man’ took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet, and acclamations ‘ to visit the churches.’—Civil prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw the public affairs into such hands

‘ as

* Dr. Henry Sacheverell.

‘ as had no pretensions to popularity in either
‘ party, but from the distribution of the Queen’s
‘ favours.

‘ During such, and other later transactions,
‘ (which are too fresh to need being recounted) the
‘ earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to
‘ differ with the Lords who have the honour to be
‘ employed in the administration; but even among
‘ these incidents he has highly distinguished himself
‘ in procuring an act of parliament, to prevent that
‘ those who dissent from the church should serve in
‘ the state.

‘ I hope these are great and critical junctures,
‘ wherein this gentleman has shown himself a pa-
‘ triot and lover of the church in as eminent a man-
‘ ner as any other of his fellow subjects. “ He has,
“ at all times, and in all seasons, shown the same
“ steady abhorrence to all innovations.” But it is
‘ from this behaviour, that he has deserved so ill
‘ of the Examiner, as to be termed “ a late con-
“ vert” to those whom he calls factious, and intro-
‘ duced in his profane dialogue of April the 6th,
‘ with a servant and a madwoman. I think I have,
‘ according to the Examiner’s own description of
‘ merit, shown how little this nobleman deserves
‘ such treatment. I shall now appeal to all the world,
‘ to consider whether the outrage committed against
‘ the young lady had not been cruel, and insuffer-
‘ able, towards the daughter of the highest of-
‘ fender?

‘ The utmost malice and invention could go no far-
‘ ther than to forge a story of her having inadvertent-
‘ ly done an indifferent action in a sacred place. Of
‘ what temper can this man be made, that could
‘ have no sense of the pangs he must give a young
‘ lady, to be barely mentioned in a public paper,
‘ much more to be named in a libellous manner, as
‘ having offended God and man?

‘ But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it
‘ strike on his imagination, that knotting and per-
‘ plexing would make a quaint sting at the end of
‘ his paper; and had no compunction, though he
‘ introduced his witticism at the expence of a young
‘ lady’s quiet, and (as far as in him lies) her ho-
‘ nour. Does he thus finish his discourse of religion?
‘ This is indeed “to lay at us, and make every
‘ blow fell to the ground.”

‘ There is no party concerned in this circum-
‘ stance; but every man that hopes for a virtuous
‘ woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or
‘ protect his mistress, ought to receive this insolence
‘ as done to himself. “In the immediate presence
‘ of God and her Majesty, that the family might
‘ appear to be entirely come over,” says the fawn-
‘ ing miscreant.—It is very visible, which of those
‘ powers (that he has put together) he is the more
‘ fearful of offending. But he mistakes his way in
‘ making his court to a pious sovereign, by naming
‘ her with the Deity, in order to find protection for
‘ insulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call up-
‘ on him in the royal chapel.

‘ If life be (as it ought to be with people of their
‘ character, whom the Examiner attacks) less valu-
‘ able and dear than honour and reputation, in that
‘ proportion is the Examiner worse than an assassin.
‘ We have stood by, and tamely heard him aggra-
‘ vate the disgraces of the brave and the unfortunate;
‘ we have seen him double the anguish of the un-
‘ happy man; we have seen him trample on the ashes
‘ of the dead: but all this has concerned greater
‘ life, and could touch only public characters; they
‘ did but remotely affect our private and domestic
‘ interests. But when due regard is not had to the
‘ honour of women, all human society is assaulted.
‘ The highest person in the world is of that sex, and
‘ has the utmost sensibility of an outrage committed
‘ against

‘ against it. She who was the best wife that ever
‘ prince was blessed with, will, tho’ she sits on a
‘ throne, jealously regard the honour of a young la-
‘ dy who has not entered into that condition.

‘ Lady Char—te’s quality will make it impossible
‘ that this cruel usage can escape her Majesty’s no-
‘ tice; and it is the business of every honest man to
‘ trace the offender, and expose him to the indigna-
‘ tion of his sovereign.’

N^o 42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

HOR. Ars Poet. v. ult.

Sticking like leeches till they burst with blood. ROSCOMMON.

TOM Lizard told us a story the other day, of
some persons which our family know very
well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a
great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother
Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it;
and the next day being with some of his inns-of-
court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the
benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not
determine) to entertain them with what he called
“ a pleasant humour enough.” I was in great pain
for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all
surprised to find the company very little moved by
it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with
a forced laugh, “ Faith, gentlemen,” said he, “ I
“ do not know what makes you look so grave; it
“ was an admirable story when I heard it.”

When I came home, I fell into a profound con-
templation upon story-telling; and as I have nothing
so much at heart as the good of my country, I re-

solved to lay down some PRECAUTIONS upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them. And whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life; yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a "knack;" it doth not so much subsist upon wit, as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist, by chearful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm, that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffeehouse, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch,

paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation. I will therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories, but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate, or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those, that are altogether new, should never be ushered in, without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company

by humourous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relating by saying, "That's all!"

As the chusing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone!—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John,—no! it was William, started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted

at.

at this, till I told him, "Old friend, you have your
" infirmity, and I have mine."

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of
telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is
the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his
son gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this parti-
cular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of sto-
ries, which he tells over every Christmas. When our
family visits there, we are constantly, after supper,
entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we
have wondered at that a little, "Ay, but father,"
saith the son, "let us have the Spirit in the Wood."
After that hath been laughed at, "Ay, but father,"
cries the booby again, "tell us how you served the
" robber." "Alack-a-day," saith Sir Harry, with
a smile, and rubbing his forehead, "I have almost
" forgot that, but it is a pleasant conceit to be sure."
Accordingly he tells that, and twenty more, in the
same independent order, and without the least varia-
tion, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge,
ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very
odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my
Lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes
his belly, and says, with a feigned concern in his
countenance, "Madam, I have lost by you to-day."
"How so, Sir Harry," replies my Lady. "Ma-
" dam," says he, "I have lost an excellent stomach."
At this his son and heir laughs immoderately, and
winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-
third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and
I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to
conversation, I always encourage them, if they are
pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy
mortals, who disdain every thing but matter of fact.
Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every
thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malign-
ity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little
beyond.

beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those, who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, "Well! and "what then?" Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, That if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

N^o 43. THURSDAY, APRIL 30.

*Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus,
Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus.*

HOR. *Ars Poet.* v. 231.

——— Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAD for some days observed something in agitation, which was carried by smiles and whispers, between my Lady Lizard and her daughters, with a professed declaration that Mr. Ironside should not be in the secret. I would not trespass upon the integrity of the Sparkler so much as to solicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but I take it for an instance of her kindness to me, that as soon as she was at liberty, she was impatient to let me know it, and this morning sent me the following billet.

‘ S I R,

‘ **M**Y brother Tom waited upon us all last night
‘ to Cato; we sat in the first seats in the box
‘ of the eighteen-penny gallery. You must come hither this morning, for we shall be full of debates
‘ about

‘ about
‘ but
‘ was
‘ ing
‘ I am
‘ a mo
‘ mily
‘ for n
‘ incor
‘ to w
‘ more
‘ from
‘ in th
‘ coun

I r
where
the w
their
and b
repea

“ ”
“ ”
“ ”
“ ”
“ ”
“ ”
“ ”
“ ”

I
up,
tone

‘ about the characters. I was for Marcia last night,
 ‘ but find, that partiality was owing to the awe I
 ‘ was under in her father’s presence; but this morn-
 ‘ ing Lucia is my woman. You will tell me whether
 ‘ I am right or no when I see you; but I think it is
 ‘ a more difficult virtue to forbear going into a fa-
 ‘ mily, though she was in love with the heir of it,
 ‘ for no other reason but because her happiness was
 ‘ inconsistent with the tranquillity of the whole house
 ‘ to which she should be allied; I say, I think it a
 ‘ more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love
 ‘ from this motive, than in Marcia to suspend hers
 ‘ in the present circumstances of her father and her
 ‘ country. But pray be here to settle these matters.

‘ I am,

‘ your most obliged and

‘ obedient humble servant,

‘ MARY LIZARD.’

I made all the haste imaginable to the family,
 where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and
 the whole company, with a sublime cheerfulness in
 their countenance, all ready to speak to me at once;
 and before I could draw my chair, my Lady herself
 repeated,

“ ’Tis not a set of features or complexion,
 “ The tincture of a skin that I admire;
 “ Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 “ Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
 “ The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex;
 “ True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
 “ But still the lovely maid improves her charms
 “ With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 “ And sanctity of manners.”

I was going to speak, when Mrs Cornelia stood
 up, and, with the most gentle accent, and sweetest
 tone of voice, succeeded her mother :

“ So.

" So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
 " Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
 " Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
 " Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
 " Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
 " And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

I thought they would now have given me time to draw a chair; but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmost delight pursue her admiration of Lucia, in the words of Portius :

—" Athwart the terrors that thy vow
 " Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
 " More amiable, and risest in thy charms,
 " Loveli'st of women ! Heav'n is in thy soul,
 " Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,
 " Bright'ning each other : thou art all divine !"

When the ladies had done speaking, I took the liberty to take my place ; while Tom, who, like a just courtier, thinks the interest of his prince and country the same, dwelt upon these lines :

" Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
 " The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
 " From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
 " (So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.)
 " Oh let it never perish in your hands !
 " But piously transmit it to your children."

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart, that Annabella, for whom I have long had some apprehensions, said nothing on this occasion, but indulged herself in the sneer of a little mind, to see the rest so much affected. Mrs Betty, also, who knows, forsooth, more than us all, overlooked the whole drama ; but acknowledged the dresses of Syphax and Juba were very prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been so warmly roused by this admirable piece in all parts of the theatre, is an unanswerable instance of how great force the stage might be towards the improvement of the

the world, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this case; for the advantages of action, and the representation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are so irresistibly prevalent, that the theatre ought to be shut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue, or guard of innocence among its people. Speeches or sermons will ever suffer, in some degree, from the characters of those that make them; and mankind are so unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling against the lives of those who speak in the cause of goodness, to keep themselves in countenance, and continue in beloved infirmities. But in the case of the stage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all insensibly won by personated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals or superiors. Every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is secretly pleased, and encouraged, in the prosecution of that virtue, without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpose I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my Lady Lizard, with a look of some severity towards Annabella and Mrs. Betty, was pleased to say, that it must be from some trifling prepossession of mind, that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet understand to what circumstance in the family her Ladyship alluded, when she made all the company look serious, and rehearsed, with a tone more exalted, those words of the heroine,

“ In spite of all the virtue we can boast,

“ The woman that deliberates is lost.”

ADVERTISEMENT.

“ Whereas BAT. PIGEON in the Strand, hair-cutter
“ to the family of the Lizards, has attained to great
“ proficiencie

“ proficiency in his art, Mr. Ironside advises all persons of fine heads, in order to have justice done them, to repair to that industrious mechanic.

“ *N. B.* Mr. PIGEON has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of young persons, before he thins the covering near the seat of the brain.”

N^o 44. FRIDAY, MAY 1.

—*Hac iter Elysiū nobis.*

VRG. *Æn.* 6. v. 542.

This path conducts us to th’ Elysian fields.

I HAVE frequently observed in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a set of old fellows who appear to be humourists, and wrapped up in themselves; but have long been at a loss when I have seen them smile, and name my name as I passed by, and say, “Old Ironside wears well.” I am a mere boy to some of them who frequent Gray’s Inn; but am not a little pleased to find they are even with the world, and return upon it its neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have against the petulancy of young people. I am very glad to observe, that these sages of this peripatetic sect study tranquillity and indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of so much contention as is carried on among the students of Littleton. The following letter gives us some light into the manners and maxims of these philosophers.

To

To the GUARDIAN.

S I R,

AS the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, those persons who have resisted and disputed the tyranny of either of these, have employed the sublimest speculations of the writers in all languages. As these deceased heroes have had their places judiciously assigned them already in the Temple of Fame, I would immortalize some persons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exercised with the utmost tranquillity and pleasure to themselves, and as they are substantially happy on this side the grave, in opposition to all the Greek and Latin scraps to the contrary.

As therefore I am naturally subject to cruel inroads from the spleen; as I affirm all evil to come from the East; as I am the weather-glass of every company I come into, I sometimes, according to Shakespeare,

" Sit like my grandsire cut in alabaster,
" Sleep whilst I wake, and creep into the jaundice
" By being peevish."

I would furnish out a table of merry fame, in envious admiration of those jovial blades, who dis-appoint the strokes of age and fortune with the same gaiety of soul, as when through youth or affluence they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and achievement. There are, you may observe, in all public walks, persons who by a singular shabbiness of their attire, make a very ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of dress. They are very fullen and involved, and appear in such a state of distress and tribulation, as to be thought inconsolable. They are generally of that complexion

VOL. I.

S

which

' which was in fashion during the pleasurable reign
 ' of Charles the Second. Some of them, indeed,
 ' are of a lighter brown, whose fortunes fell with
 ' that of King James. Now those, who are the
 ' jest of such as take themselves, and the world usu-
 ' ally takes, to be in prosperity, are the very per-
 ' sons whose happiness, were it understood, would
 ' be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into
 ' the discovery of them in the following manner.
 ' One day last summer, being particularly under
 ' the dominion of the spleen, I resolved to sooth my
 ' melancholy in the company of such, whose appear-
 ' ance promised a full return of any complaints I
 ' could possibly utter. Living near Gray's-Inn
 ' Walks, I went thither in search of the persons a-
 ' bove described, and found some of them seated up-
 ' on a bench, where, as Milton sings,

" —the unpierc'd shade

" Imbrown'd their noontide bow'r."

' I squeezed in among them; and they did not only
 ' receive my moanings with singular humanity, but
 ' gave me all possible encouragement to enlarge
 ' them. If the blackness of my spleen raised any
 ' imaginary distemper of body, some one of them imme-
 ' diately sympathized with me. If I spoke of any
 ' disappointment in my fortune, another of them
 ' would abate my sorrowing, by recounting to me his
 ' own defeat upon the very same circumstances. If
 ' I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole assembly
 ' seemed to condole with me very feelingly upon that
 ' particular. In short, I could not make myself so
 ' calamitous in mind, body or circumstances, but
 ' some one of them was upon a level with me.
 ' When I had wound up my discourse, and was ripe
 ' for their intended raillery, at first they crown'd my
 ' narration with several piteous sighs and groans;
 ' but after a short pause, and a signal given for the
 ' onset,

onset, they burst out into a most incomprehensible fit of laughter. You may be sure I was notably out of countenance, which gave occasion to a second explosion of the same mirth. What troubled me most was, that their figure, age, and short swords, preserved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refusal of battle, and their number from insult. I had now no other way to be upon good terms with them, but desiring I might be admitted into this fraternity. This was at first vigorously opposed, it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of an happy man, to be received into a society so proud of appearing the most afflicted. However, as I only seemed to be what they really were, I am admitted, by way of triumph, upon probation for a year: And if, within that time, it shall be possible for them to infuse any of their gaiety into me, I can, at Monmouth-street, upon mighty easy terms, purchase the robes necessary for my instalment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, shall be willing to appear as miserable as any of this assembly. I confess I have ever since been ashamed, that I should once take that place to be sacred to the disconsolate, which I now must affirm to be the only Elysium on this side the Styx; and that ever I should look upon those personages as lively instances of the outrage of Time and Fortune, who disallow their empire with such inimitable bravery. Some of these are pretty good classical scholars, and they follow these studies always walking, upon account of a certain sentence in Pliny's Epistles, to the following effect, "It is inconceivable how much the understanding is enlivened by the exercise of the body." If therefore their author is a little difficult, you will see them fleeting with a very precipitate pace; and when it has been very perplexed and abstruse, I have seen

a couple of these students prepare their apprehensions by still quicker motions, 'till they run into wisdom. These courses do not only make them go through their studies with pleasure and profit, but there is more spirit and vigour in their dialogues, after the heat and hurry of these perambulations. This place was chosen as the peculiar resort of those sages, not only upon account of its air and situation, but in regard to certain edifices and seats therein raised with great magnificence and convenience; and here, after the toils of their walks, and upon any stress of weather, these blessed inhabitants assemble themselves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the most frequent conferences, not so much because of the loveliness of its eminence, as a sentence of literature encircling the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: "Franciscus Bacon Eques Auratus executor testamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham hujus hospitii viri abstemii & contemplativi hanc sedem posuit in memoriam ejusdem." Now this structure being erected in honourable memory of the abstemious, the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occasion to rally this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a person, who, according to their translation of the words, being confessed to have been of most splenetic memory, ought rather to ly buried in oblivion.

Lest they should flag in their own way of conversation, they admit a fair one to relieve them with hers. There are two or three thin existences among them, which I think I may call the ghosts of departed beaus, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their passion never rises higher than a kiss, which is always

Yielded with toy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

MILTON.
 As

As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their seeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greatest indulgence imaginable in these amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguish them.

During my year of probation, I am to prepare myself with such parts of history as have engaged their application during the leisure of their ill fortune. I am therefore to read RUSHWORTH and CLARENDON; in the perusal of which authors, I am not obliged to enter into the justness of their reflections and characters, but am desired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of Marston-moor and Edge-hill, in one of which every man of this assembly has lost a relation; and each has a story which none who has not read those battles is able to taste.

I had almost forgot to mention a most unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time since, in a prodigious foggy morning, I went in search of these persons to their usual place of resort, and perhaps shall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that notwithstanding they sucked in so condensed and poisonous an æther, I found them enjoying themselves with as much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the serenity of Montpelier.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. W.

N^o 45. SATURDAY, MAY 2.

I DO not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet

nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words, "Alas! whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me." The circumstances of her story are only these ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address to her upon honourable terms. But she said to herself, "She had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget these meaner considerations; and innocent freedoms were not to be denied: a gentleman of condition is not to be shunned purely for being such: and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, because they were not used by him with the same distinction." But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth. Fortune does, in a great measure, denominate what is vice and virtue; or, if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression unpunished without its assistance. For this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females, not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falsehood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which, instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour: while the person injured, is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumstance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition, and taste of polite conversation, I have often known snares toward vice in some, whilst fullness and dislike of any thing that was agreeable, have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me; and she

she say
he has
movin
make
" not
imagi
tence
is pas
on in
tence
repet
that
woul
that
a sti
destr
acco
a fu
frail
tion
is a
it is
for
jed
in d
him
Th
tho
by
th
w
be
ta
k
a
n
b
h

she says, she is sure he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that if he reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor girl! "Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?" Does the poor creature imagine, that a scrip of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasures which he is past, will have an effect upon him, who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them, by some friend that heard them; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses, under a stupor of faith, honour and conscience? No; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal, who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire; he is not surprised into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, skill, and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil, but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I do not indeed expect, that my PRECAUTIONS will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not, but they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life; but I know not how it is, but our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues, by which means females adventure all against those who have nothing to lose; and they have nothing but empty sighs, tears and reproaches, against

against those who reduced them to real sorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend Chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable; but, in this case, the very attempt is become ridiculous. But, in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praise-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman, in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyric by telling him, that, since he was at leisure, he would carry him to visit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said, with a smile, "If I should visit her upon your introduction now
"I have leisure, I do not know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be
"better employed." But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly; (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) "he knew not ought
"he had, save the bread which he did eat;" he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress. But, when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! "Behold
"my master wotteth not what is with me in the house,
"and hath committed all that he hath to my hand.
"There is none greater in his house than I: neither
"hath

" hath
" beca
which
mitting
est mo
impun
ed wor
is but
hatred
confid
portan
they v
mind,
dispos
all th
imag
mann
creat
A
thing
this
yout
mon
upon
ough
slipp
fame
not
that
are
hav
pos
the
as
wh
Clo
cy
."

“hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, “because thou art his wife.” The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was, to this brave man, the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity. The malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman, naturally arose on that occasion; and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves, whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency, which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species?

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls, are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not what can oblige them to mend their manners: all that I pretend to, is, to enter my protest, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery, against the continency of his principal character, “If I had been alone
“with a lady, I should not have passed my time like
“your

"your Spartan." "That may be," answered the bard, with a very grave face, "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero."

N^o 46. MONDAY, MAY 4.

Sola est cœlesti digna reperta toro.

OVID. *Ep. l. l. 3. de Ponto, v. 118.*

Alone found worthy a celestial bed.

YESTERDAY, at my Lady Lizard's tea-table, the discourse happened to turn upon women of renown; such as have distinguished themselves in the world by surprising actions, or by any great and shining qualities, so as to draw upon themselves the envy of their own sex, and the admiration of ours. My lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the most famous, of which she has a considerable number, both in print and manuscript. This naturally led me to speak of Madam Maintenon; and, at the request of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together such circumstances of her life, as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from conversation in my travels.

Madam Maintenon was born a gentlewoman: her name is Frances Daubigné. Monsieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a person of condition, but likewise of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, the 80th year of his age. A little before his death he writ his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb-stone, in the cloister of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be seen in Spon's history of that republic. He was a leading man among the Protestants in France, and much courted to come over to the opposite party. When

he

he perceived there was no safety for him any longer in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magistrates and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and distinction; and he passed the remaining part of his life amongst them in great esteem. Mezeray (the French historian) says, that he was a man of great courage and boldness, of a ready wit, and of a fine taste in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

The son of this Daubigné was father to the present Madam Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into prison when he was but a youth, for what reason I cannot learn; but his life, it seems, was in question, if the keeper of the prison's daughter (touched with his misfortunes and his merit) had not determined with herself to set him at liberty. Accordingly, a favourable opportunity presenting itself, she set the prisoner at large, and accompanied him herself in his flight. The lovers finding themselves now in no danger of being apprehended, Monsieur Daubigné acquitted himself of the promise he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide against their immediate want in a strange place, she had taken with her what she found at home most valuable and easy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and, while their little treasure lasted, our new married couple thought themselves the happiest persons living. But their provision now began to fail, and Monsieur Daubigné, who plainly saw the straits to which they must be in a little time reduced, notwithstanding all his love and tenderness, thought he should soon be in a far worse condition, than that from which he had so lately escaped. But what most afflicted him was, to see that his wife, whom he loved so tenderly, must be reduced to the utmost necessity, and that too at a time when she was big with child.

Monsieur

Monfieur Daubigné, preffed with thefe difficulties, formed to himfelf a very hazardous refolution; and fince the danger he faw in it was only to his perfon, he put it in execution, without ever confulting his wife. The purpofe he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up fome of his effects, and in a fhort time to have the pleafure of returning to his wife with fome little means of fubfiftence. He flattered himfelf, that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for fome time. But upon trial, it happened quite otherwife: for he was betrayed by thofe in whom he confided; fo that he was a fecond time caft into prifon. I fhould have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave; and that the firft notice fhe had of his defign was by a letter, which he fent her from the place where he lay the firft night. Upon the reading of it, fhe was immediately alarmed for the life of a husband fo very dear to her; but fhe fell into the laft affliction when fhe received the news of his being imprifoned again, of which fhe had been apprehenfive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, fhe confidered that the afflicting of herfelf could give him no relief; and defpairing ever to be able a fecond time to bring about the delivery of her husband, and likewise finding it impoffible for her to live long feparated from him, fhe refolved to fhare in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his prifon. Therefore, without the leaft regard to the danger of a woman's travelling in her condition (for fhe was now far gone with child) fhe entered upon her journey, and having found out her husband, voluntarily gave herfelf up to remain a prifoner with him. And here it was that fhe was delivered of that daughter, who has fince proved the wonder of her age.

The

The relations of Monsieur Daubigné, dissatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting Madam Villette his sister, who used to visit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which she found him, entirely destitute of all the conveniencies, and almost the very necessaries of life. - But that which most moved her compassion was, to see, in the arms of a disconsolate mother, the poor helpless infant exposed, amidst her cries, to cold, to nakedness and hunger. In this extremity Madam Villette took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurse, with whom she was bred up for some time, as a foster-sister. Besides this, she sent the two prisoners several necessaries. Some time after, Monsieur Daubigné found means, by changing his religion, to get out of prison, upon condition he would quit the kingdom; to which he consented.

Monsieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to see France more, got together what little substance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and so, with a small family, he embarked for America; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children (a son and a daughter) good education.

These unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter, who was elder than her brother, as she grew up, began to be very desirous of seeing her native country. This, together with the hopes she had of recovering something of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the first opportunity of returning into France. Finding, therefore, a ship that was ready to sail thither, she went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence she proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her business first to inquire out Madam Villette her aunt, who she knew

very well was the person to whom she owed her life. Madam Villete received her with great marks of affection; and after informing her, that she must not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, since that was all irreparably lost and dissipated by his banishment, and the proceedings against him; she added, that she should be welcome, if she thought fit, to live with her; where, at least, she should never be reduced to want a subsistence.

Mademoiselle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and studied, by all means imaginable, to render herself necessary and agreeable to a person upon whom she saw that she must entirely depend for every thing. More especially, she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse. And, to omit nothing that might please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors. She was impatient to have some conversation with ministers, and to frequent their sermons; so that in a short time she began to take a great liking to the Protestant religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that she would have openly professed this way of worship, if some of her father's relations that were papists, and who forsook him in his adversity, had not, to make their own court, been busy in advertising some great men of the danger Mademoiselle Daubigné was in as to her salvation, and in demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party; and orders were immediately given, that she should be taken from her aunt Villete, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was soon executed, and Mademoiselle Daubigné was in a manner forced by violence from Madam Villete, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She shed abundance of tears

tears
fin (y
mine)
memb
she h
ackno
found

M
who
bein
ried
hire
Sca
him
upo
leav
kno
ger
turn
me
of
inf
a y
cro
of
fro
gr
in
te
m
b

tears at parting, and assured her aunt and her cousin (who was now married to Monsieur Saint Hermine) that she should always preserve, with the remembrance of their kindness, the good impressions she had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when she found a time and occasion proper for it.

N^o 47. TUESDAY, MAY 5.

MADEMOISELLE Daubigné was conducted from Madam Villete's to a relation, who had a law-suit then depending at Paris; and being for that reason obliged to go thither, she carried Mademoiselle Daubigné with her. This lady hired apartments in the same house where the famous Scaron was lodged. She made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a visit, she desired he would give her cousin leave, in the mean time, to come and sit with him; knowing very well, that a young lady was in no danger from such a person, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monsieur Scaron was, of all men living, the most unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewise very infirm. In consideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly pension from the court, of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the conversation of Mademoiselle Daubigné; and her kinswoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scaron occasion to discover still new beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the story of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born; all which, she knew how to

describe in so expressive and moving a manner, that he found himself touched with a strong compassion towards her; and resolved with himself, if not to make her happy, at least to set her at ease, by placing her in a nunnery at his own expence. But upon farther deliberation, he found himself very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which, in all likelihood, she never expected. One day, therefore, when she was left alone with him, as usual, he opened his intentions to her (as it is said) much after the following manner. "I am, Mademoiselle (says he) not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great sufferings you have undergone: I am likewise very sensible of the uneasy circumstances under which you labour at present; and I have now for some days been contriving with myself how to extricate you out of all your difficulties. At last I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I so much desire. I leave you to determine, according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one or the other; or, if neither of them please you, to refuse them both. My fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing, is, either to make you a joint partaker with myself of the little I have, or to place you, at my own expence, in any convent you shall chuse. I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you. I know I make but an ungainly figure; but I am not able to new-mould it; I offer myself to you such as I am; and yet, such as you see me, I do assure you, that I would not bestow myself upon another; and that I must have a very great esteem for you, ever to propose a marriage, which, of all things in the world, I have had the least in my thoughts hitherto. Consider, therefore, and take your final resolutions, either to turn

nun,

nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your present condition, without repining, since these do all of them depend upon your own choice."

Mademoiselle Daubigné returned Monsieur Scaron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependent state, not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want. Finding therefore in herself no call towards a nunnery, she answered Monsieur Scaron without hesitation, That she had too great a sense of her obligations to him, not to be desirous of that way of life, that would give her the most frequent occasions of shewing her gratitude to him. Scaron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person he liked so well, was charmed with her answer. They both came to a resolution, that he should ask her relation's consent that very evening. She gave it very frankly; and this marriage, so soon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of Madam Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniences during his life. But losing him, she lost all; his pension ceased upon his death, and she found herself again reduced to the same indigent condition in which she had been before her marriage.

Upon this, she retired into the convent in the Place Royale, founded for the relief of necessitous persons; where the friends of her deceased husband took care of her. It was here the friendship between her and Madam Saint Basile (a nun) had its beginning, which has continued ever since; for she still goes to visit her frequently in the convent de la Raquette, where she now lives. And to the honour of Madam Maintenon, it must be allowed, that she has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom she had formerly been obliged.

Her husband's friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the pension which Monsieur Scaron had enjoyed. In order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, "The widow Scaron most humbly prays your Majesty," &c. But all these petitions signified nothing; and the King was so weary of them, that he has been heard to say, "Must I always be pestered with the widow Scaron?" Notwithstanding which, her friends were resolved not to be discouraged in their endeavours to serve her.

After this, she quitted the convent, and went to live in the Hotel d'Albert, where her husband had always been very much esteemed. Here (it is said) something very remarkable happened to her, which I shall relate, because I find it so confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were masons at work in the Hotel d'Albert, not far from the apartment of Madam Scaron. One of them came into her chamber, and finding two or three visitants of her own sex, desired he might speak with her in private. She carried him into her closet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. But whence he drew this knowledge (continues my author) which time has so wonderfully verified, is a mystery still to me. As to Madam Scaron, she saw then so little appearance of probability in his predictions, that she hardly gave the least heed to them. Nevertheless, the company, upon her return, remarked some alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies said, "Surely this man has brought you some very pleasing news; for you look with a more cheerful air than you did before he came in." "There would be sufficient reason for my doing so, (replied she,) if I could give any credit to what this fellow has promised me. And I can tell you (says she, smiling) that if there should be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your court to me before-

fore-
ha
satisfy
nicate
were
know
and st
er see

So
occaf
Mada
and
Scaro
to M
with
ing
more
her
The
"V

any
span
hav
it
don
wit
as
the
wa
M
fir
an
th
an
m
se
a
a
t

fore-hand." These ladies could not prevail upon her to satisfy their curiosity any further; but she communicated the whole secret to a bosom friend, after they were gone; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold were come to pass, and so scrupulous a secrecy in that point did no longer seem necessary.

Some time after this, she was advised to seek all occasions of insinuating herself into the favour of Madam Mountespan, who was the king's mistress, and had an absolute influence over him. Madam Scaron therefore found the means of being presented to Madam Mountespan; and at that time spoke to her with so good a grace, that Madam Mountespan, pitying her circumstances, and resolving to make them more easy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her presenting it to him, said, "What, the widow Scaron again? Shall I never see any thing else?" "Indeed, Sir, says Madam Mountespan, it is now a long time since you ought not to have had her name mentioned to you any more, and it is something extraordinary that your Majesty has done nothing all this while for a poor woman, who, without exception, deserves a much better condition, as well upon the account of her own merit, as of the reputation of her late husband." The king, who was always glad of any opportunity to please Madam Mountespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madam Scaron came to thank her patroness; and Madam Mountespan took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the king; and after that, proposed to him, that she might be made governante to their children. His majesty consented to it; and Madam Scaron, by her address and good conduct, won so much upon the affections and esteem of Madam Mountespan, that in a little time she became her favourite and confidante,

It happened one night that Madam Mountespan sent for her, to tell her, that she was in great perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a billet from the king, which required an immediate answer; and though she did by no means want wit, yet in that instant she found herself incapable of writing any thing with spirit. In the mean time, the messenger waited for an answer, while she racked her invention to no purpose. Had there been nothing more requisite, but to say a few tender things, she needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but she had, over and above, the reputation of her style and manner of writing to maintain; and her invention played her false in so critical a juncture. This reduced her to the necessity of desiring Madam Scaron to help her out; and giving her the King's billet, she bid her make an answer to it immediately. Madam Scaron would, out of modesty, have excused herself; but Madam Mountespan laid her absolute commands upon her: so that she obeyed, and writ a most agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderness. Madam Mountespan was very much pleased with it; she copied it, and sent it. The King was infinitely delighted with it. He thought Madam Mountespan had surpassed herself; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occasion, to an increase of tenderness. The principal part of his amusement that night was, to read over and over again this letter, in which he discovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himself the happiest and the most extraordinary man living, to be able to inspire his mistress with such surprising sentiments and turns of wit.

Next morning, as soon as he was dressed, he went directly to make a visit to Madam Mountespan. "What happy genius, Madam, says he, upon his first coming into her chamber, influenced your thoughts last night? Never, certainly, was there any thing so charming,

charm
me l
well d
Moun
which
not h
The l
earne
have
ling,
force
of hi
extre
bled
not
had
her
in v
min
fire
Not
age
serv
mig
sha
mo
art
ad
ne
K
af
vi
te
S
n
M
f

charming, and so finely writ, as the billet you sent me ! and if you truly feel the tenderness you have so well described, my happiness is complete." Madam Mountespan was in confusion with these praises, which properly belonged to another ; and she could not help betraying something of it by her blushes. The King perceived the disorder she was in, and was earnest to know the cause of it. She would fain have put it off ; but the King's curiosity still increasing, in proportion to the excuses she made, she was forced to tell him all that had passed, lest he should of himself imagine something worse. The King was extremely surpris'd : though in civility he disssembled his thoughts at that time, nevertheless he could not help desiring to see the author of the letter that had pleased him so much ; to satisfy himself, whether her wit in conversation, was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madam Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the mason ; and from the desire the King had to see her, conceived no small hopes. Notwithstanding she now had passed the flower of her age, yet she flattered herself, that her destiny had reserved this one conquest in store for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh ruddy lips. She has, besides, the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of adjusting her looks to her thoughts ; in such a manner, that all she says goes directly to the heart. The King was already prepossessed in her favour ; and, after three or four times conversing with her, began visibly to cool in his affections towards Madam Mountespan.

The King in a little time purchased for Madam Scaron those lands which carry the name of Maintenon, a title which she from that time has taken. Never was there an instance of any favourite having so great a power over a prince, as what she has hitherto

therto maintained. None can obtain the least favour, but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion, that she has been the occasion of all the ill treatment which the Protestants have met with, and consequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from those proceedings. But it is more reasonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jesuits; and she has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues. Besides, it is not natural to think, that she who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well instructed in the protestant faith and way of worship, should ever be the author of a persecution against those innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her.

N^o 48. WEDNESDAY, MAY 6.

IT is the general opinion, that Madam Maintenon has of late years influenced all the measures of the court of France. The King, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to sit with her till about ten o'clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his supper. The comptroller general of the finances likewise comes to her apartments to meet the King; while they are in discourse, Madam Maintenon sits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not seeming to give the least attention to what is said. Nevertheless, the minister never makes a proposition to the King, but his Majesty turns towards her, and says, "What think you, Madam, of this?" She expresses her opinion after a modest manner; and whatsoever she says, is done. Madam Maintenon never appears in public, except when she goes

goes w
on the
on, wo
seem t
and he
always
any th
St. Cy
a nur
young
return
who n
to ma
course
almost
four
ther
vy, a
she i
shoul
doub
decli
Mar
chase
ther
ring
will
F
Fre
non
nior
said
out
no
ed
in
her
poi

goes with the king to take the air ; and then she sits on the same seat with the king, with her spectacles on, working a piece of embroidery ; and does not seem to be so much as sensible of the great fortunes and honours to which she has raised herself. She is always very modestly dressed, and never appears with any train of servants. Every morning she goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there ; it being a kind of a nursery founded by herself for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king rises, who never fails to pay her a morning visit. She goes to mass always by break of day, to avoid the concourse of people. She is rarely seen by any, and almost inaccessible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own sex. Whether it be, that she would by this conduct avoid envy, as some think ; or, as others would have it, that she is afraid the rank which she thinks due to her, should be disputed in all visits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occasions, she declines the taking of any rank ; and the title of Marquise (which belongs to the lands the king purchased for her) is suppressed before her name ; neither will she accept of the title of a Duchess ; aspiring, in all probability, at something still higher, as will appear by what follows.

From several particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of Madam Maintenon, it has for some years been the prevailing opinion of the court, that they are married. And it is said, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at last ; and that she was resolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He, for some time, resisted all her solicitations upon that head, but, at length, in a fit of tenderness and good-nature, he promised her, that he would consult his confessor upon that point. Madam Maintenon was pleased with this,
not

not doubting but that Father la Chaise would be glad of this occasion of making his court to her; but he was too subtle a courtier, not to perceive the danger of engaging in so nice an affair; and for that reason evaded it, by telling the King, that he did not think himself a casuist, able enough to decide a question of so great importance; and, for that reason, desired he might consult with some man of skill and learning, for whose secrecy he would be responsible. The King was apprehensive lest this might make the matter too public; but as soon as Father la Chaise named Monsieur Fenelon, the archbishop of Cambray, his fears were over, and he bid him go and find him out. As soon as the confessor had communicated the business he came upon to the bishop, he said, "What have I done, father, that you should ruin me! But 'tis no matter; let us go to the King." His majesty was in his closet, expecting them. The bishop was no sooner entered, but he threw himself at the King's feet, and begged of him not to sacrifice him. The King promised him that he would not; and then proposed the case to him. The bishop, with his usual sincerity, represented to him the great prejudice he would do himself by declaring his marriage, together with the ill consequences that might attend such a proceeding. The king very much approved his reasons, and resolved to go no further in this affair. Madam Maintenon still pressed him to comply with her. But it was now all to no purpose; and he told her, it was not a thing to be done. She asked him, if it was Father la Chaise who dissuaded him from it. He, for some time, refused to give her any answer; but, at last, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had passed. She, upon this, dissembled her resentment, that she might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jesuit was to be forgiven. But the first marks of her vengeance

venge
and
all the
tired
have
of the
power
even
tend
nour,
were
ed "
upon
It
been
many
and
the n
that
'This
liam
" th
" op
" ye
lady
as in
the
mix
agre
how
their
a m
ther
how
even
conv
upon
este
V

vengeance fell upon the archbishop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his bishopric; and there have no endeavours been spared to deprive him even of that. As a further instance of the incontrollable power of this great favourite, and of her resenting even the most trivial matters, that she thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called "La Fausse Prude," which was supposed to reflect upon Madam Maintenon in particular.

It is something very extraordinary, that she has been able to keep entire the affections of the King so many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the least disgrace; notwithstanding the number of enemies she has had, and the intrigues that have been formed against her from time to time. This brings into my memory a saying of King William's, that I have heard on this occasion: "That the King of France was, in his conduct, quite opposite to other princes; since he made choice of young ministers, and an old mistress." But this lady's charms have not lain so much in her person, as in her wit and good sense. She has always had the address to flatter the vanity of the King, and to mix always something solid and useful with the more agreeable parts of her conversation. She has known how to introduce the most serious affairs of state into their hours of pleasure; by telling his majesty, that a monarch should not love, nor do any thing, like other men; and that he, of all men living, knew best how to be always a King, and always like himself, even in the midst of his diversions. The King now converses with her as a friend, and advises with her upon his most secret affairs. He has a true love and esteem for her; and has taken care, in case he should

die before her, that she may pass the remainder of her life with honour, in the abbey of St. Cyr. There are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place. She and all her domestics are to be maintained out of the rents of the house; and she is to receive here all the honours due to a foundress. This abbey stands in the park of Versailles: it is a fine piece of building, and the King has endowed it with large revenues. The design of it (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young ladies, whose fortunes do not answer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place, but such as can give sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's side, for an hundred and forty years; besides which, they must have a certificate of their poverty, under the hand of their bishop. The age at which persons are capable of being admitted here, is, from seven years old till twelve. Lastly, it is required, that they should have no defect nor blemish of body or mind; and, for this reason, there are persons appointed to visit and examine them before they are received into the college. When these young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themselves to any further expence or trouble about them. They are provided with all necessaries for maintenance and education: they style themselves of the order of St. Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to chuse a state of life for themselves, they may either be placed as nuns in some convent, at the King's expence, or be married to some gentleman, whom Madam Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives, besides, a portion of four hundred pistoles. Most of these marriages have proved very successful, and several gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very considerable employments.

I must conclude this short account of Madam Maintenon,

tenon, with advertising my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the several particulars that I have related. All I can say, is, that a great many of them are attested by several writers; and that I thought this sketch of a woman so remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, till such time as some pen, more fully instructed in her whole life and character, shall undertake to give it to the public.

N^o 49. THURSDAY, MAY 7.

—*Quæ possit facere et servare beatum.*

HOR. Ep. 6. l. i. v. 2.

To make men happy, and to keep them so. CREECH.

IT is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures, I call those, which, not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by providence, as rewards, for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those, which, having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste, accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if

they would consider, that we are prompted to natural pleasures, by an instinct, impressed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those pleasures are, which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap or easy to be obtained; it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, "That nothing is made in vain;" much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence, as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing, than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the supreme Governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures, I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural, that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money, is fantastical; so is the desire of outward distinctions, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men, who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to such pursuits as these, from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that, disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods,

in

in which there is nothing can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus, men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves, for departing from the measures of nature. Having, by an habitual reflection on these truths, made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius, or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world, were, by nature, formed to delight our senses; and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles, I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which, in the eye of the law, belong to certain of my acquaintance, who, being men of business, chuse to live near the court.

In some great families, where I chuse to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but, in my own thoughts and natural judgment, I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim, *viz.* That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it; to convince myself, that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them, gaily attired, only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure, from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle I have discovered, that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies, as so many parquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free access to; I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim, I am grown one of the richest men in Great-Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private œconomy. As I cannot go to the price of history-painting, I have purchased, at easy rates, several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste, than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters. My couches, beds, and window-curtains are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of China in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire and clean,
and

and fi
py,

Ev
ficatio
tures
trifles
pellat
name
an ag
suppl
serve
Fair
hold
solat
the
lost
with
fide
joy
view
I lo
a fe
who
joy

I
min
I ta
nite
oun
aft
tal
the
ou
inf
un
pic
vin
we

and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy, than be thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul. About noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind, with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this, the highest state of life is insipid, and with it, the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches then are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss! But as I have frequently taken
occasion

occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them, 'till I see some symptoms of amendment.

N° 50. FRIDAY, MAY 8.

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam?—

HOR. Sat. 6. l. 2. v. 60.

Oh! when shall I enjoy my country seat?

CREECH.

THE perplexities and diversions, recounted in the following letter, are represented with some pleasantry; I shall therefore make this epistle the entertainment of the day.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

SIR,

THE time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happiness when I was last there. In the recounting of which, I shall not dwell so much upon the verdure of the fields, the shade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon some particular satisfactions, which, though not merely rural, must naturally create a desire of seeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my passage, I shall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleasure of being whirled along with six horses, the easy grandeur of lolling in an handsome chariot, the reciprocal satisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, passengers of such

such distinction. The gentleman's seat (with whom, among others, I had the honour to go down) is the remains of an ancient castle which has suffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the several turrets and strong-holds, gave my imagination more pleasant exercise than the most magnificent structure could, as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced soldier with more veneration than the most exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this desolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow desirous to know the history of the particular scene of action in this place of my abode. I here must beseech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who, for his general knowledge of things and persons, may be had in equal estimation with any of that order among the Romans. This person was allowed to be the best historian upon the spot; and the sequel of my tale will discover, that I did not chuse him so much for the soft touch of his hand, as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it; the most authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town, are derived from this person. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous speaker could be. The first time he came to shave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave a flourish with it, very like the salutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend incision would as certainly ensue. The dexterity of this overture consists in playing the razor, with a nimble wrist, mighty near the nose without touching it. Convincing him therefore of the dangerous consequence of such an unnecessary agility, with much persuasion I suppressed it. During the perusal of my face, he gives me

' me such accounts of the families in the neighbour-
 ' hood, as tradition and his own observation have
 ' furnished him with. Whenever the precipitation
 ' of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right-
 ' hand corresponds, and the razor discovers on my
 ' face, at what part of it he was in the peaceable,
 ' and at what part in the bloody incidents of his
 ' narrative. But I had long before learned to ex-
 ' pose my person to any difficulties that might tend
 ' to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I
 ' found, was very pestilential; and being obliged to
 ' utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his nar-
 ' rations, I beseech him, before he came into my
 ' room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with
 ' a breakfast. When he had taken off my beard,
 ' with part of my face, and dressed my wounds in
 ' the capacity of a barber-surgeon, we traversed the
 ' out-works about the castle, where I received par-
 ' ticular information in what places any of note a-
 ' mong the besiegers, or the besieged, received any
 ' wound; and I was carried always to the very spot
 ' where the fact was done, howsoever dangerous
 ' (scaling part of the walls, or stumbling over loose
 ' stones) my approach to such a place might be; it
 ' being conceived impossible to arrive at a true know-
 ' ledge of those matters, without this hazardous ex-
 ' planation upon them; insomuch, that I received
 ' more contusions from these speculations, than I
 ' probably could have done, had I been the most
 ' bold adventurer at the demolition of this castle.
 ' This, as all other his informations, the barber so
 ' lengthened and husbanded with digressions, that he
 ' had always something new to offer; wisely conclu-
 ' ding, that when he had finished the part of an hi-
 ' storian, I should have no occasion for him as a
 ' barber.

' Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of build-
 ' ing, I thought it perfectly resembled any of those
 ' castles, which in my infancy I had met with in
 ' romances,

romances, where several unfortunate knights and ladies were, by certain giants, made prisoners irrecoverably, until the Knight of the Burning Pestle, or any other of equal hardiness, should deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleasant beyond the most poetical description, one part of which is particularly private, by being inaccessible to those that have not great resolution. This I have made sacred to love and poetry; and after having regularly invoked the goddesses. I adore, I here compose a tender couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to shew my particular friends, who love me so well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry sinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuscript with my penknife; while, with Rochester,

“ Here on a beech, like amorous sot,
“ I sometimes carve a true-love’s knot;
“ There a tall oak her name does bear,
“ In a large spreading character.”

I confess once, whilst I was engraving one of my most curious conceits upon a delicate smooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much skill, deserted me; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river. I did not recover the true spirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myself to some of the softest passages in Cassandra and Cleopatra.

These are the pleasures I met without doors; those within were as follow. I had the happiness to ly in a room that had a large hole opening from it, which, by unquestionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the castle, for a communication betwixt the austere creatures of that place, with others not altogether so contemplative. And the keeper’s brother assures me, that when he formerly lay in this room, he had seen some of the spirits of this departed brotherhood

' brotherhood enter from the hole into this chamber,
 ' where they continued with the utmost civility to
 ' flesh and blood, until they were oppressed by the
 ' morning air : And if I do not receive his account
 ' with a very serious and believing countenance, he
 ' ventures to laugh at me as a most ridiculous infidel.
 ' The most unaccountable pleasure I take, is with a
 ' fine white young owl, which strayed one night in at
 ' my window, and which I was resolved to make a pri-
 ' soner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its
 ' confinement could possibly admit of. I so far in-
 ' sinuated myself into his favour, by presents of
 ' fresh provisions, that we could be very good com-
 ' pany together. There is something in the eye of
 ' that creature, of such merry lustre, something of
 ' such human cunning in the turn of his visage, that
 ' I found vast delight in the survey of it. One ob-
 ' jection indeed I at first saw, that this bird being
 ' the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite
 ' might afford curious matter of raillery to the in-
 ' genious, especially when it shall be known, that I
 ' am as much delighted with a cat as ever Mon-
 ' taigne was. But, notwithstanding this, I am so
 ' far from being ashamed of this particular humour,
 ' that I esteem myself very happy in having my odd
 ' taste of pleasure provided for upon such reasonable
 ' terms. What heightened all the pleasures I have
 ' spoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the
 ' gentleman of the house entertained us ; and every
 ' one of us came into, or left the company, as he
 ' thought fit ; dined in his chamber or the parlour,
 ' as a fit of spleen or study directed him ; nay, some-
 ' times every man rode or walked a different way :
 ' so that we never were together, but when we were
 ' perfectly pleased with ourselves and each other.

' I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

' R. B.'

P. S.

THE GUARDIAN'S POSTSCRIPT.

I had just given my orders for the press, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a visit. She came to desire I would shew her the wardrobe of the Lizards, (where the various habits of the ancestors of that illustrious family are preserved) in order to furnish her with a proper dress for the WIFE OF BATH. Upon sight of the little ruffs, she snatched one of them from the pin, clapped it round her neck, and turning briskly towards me, repeated a speech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the rest of the actors enter into their several parts with the same spirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre: For very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact observation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N^o 51. SATURDAY, MAY 9.

—*Res antiqua laudis & artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

VIRG. Georg. 2. v. 174.

Of arts, disclos'd in ancient days, I sing,
And venture to unlock the sacred spring.

IT is probable the first poets were found at the altar; that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worship of their gods. The spirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other; devotion inspired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion. The most sublime capacities were put

to the most noble use. Purity of will, and fineness of understanding, were not such strangers as they have been in later ages, but were most frequently lodged in the same breast, and went, as it were, hand in hand to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worthy a far greater character than the Guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the conversion of the muses from sensuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modest, I should profess myself a great admirer of poetry: but that profession is in effect telling the world, that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can swell with the joys, or be depressed with the misfortunes of others, nay more, even of imaginary persons; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most beautiful. It is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed.

All kinds of poetry are amiable, but sacred poetry should be our most especial delight. Other poetry leads us through flowery meadows, or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, soothes us with the murmur of waters, or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel. But sacred numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple: they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine; they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel from other lays;

an

an an
stices
berly
think
confe
saints
shipp

" Y
"
"
"
"
"
"
"
"
"
"
"

B
from
bow
nary
the
invi
fesa
our
not
out
live
"
"
po
cap
titl

an awe and reverence that exalts, while it chastises: its sweet authority restrains each undue liberty of thought, word, and action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a consciousness of the great presence we are in, where saints surround us, and angels are our fellow-worshippers.

- “ O let me glory, glory in my choice!
 “ Whom should I sing, but him who gave me voice!
 “ This theme shall last, when Homer’s shall decay,
 “ When arts, arms, kings and kingdoms melt away.
 “ And can it, Powers immortal, can it be,
 “ That this high province was reserv’d for me?
 “ What’e’r the new, the rash adventure cost,
 “ In wide eternity I dare be lost.
 “ I dare launch out, and shew the muses more,
 “ Than e’er the learned sisters saw before.
 “ In narrow limits they were wont to sing,
 “ To teach the swain, or celebrate the king:
 “ I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin’d,
 “ I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind:
 “ I sing to men and angels; angels join
 “ (While such the theme) their sacred hymns with mine.”

But besides the greater pleasure which we receive from sacred poetry, it has another vast advantage above all other. When it has placed us in that imaginary temple (of which I just now spoke) methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an invisible hand, secures us in the enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion becomes our safety. Why then should not every heart that is addicted to the muses, cry out in the holy warmth of the best poet that ever lived, “ I will magnify thee, O Lord, my King, “ and I will praise thy name for ever and ever !”

That greater benefit may be reaped from sacred poetry than from any other, is indisputable. But is it capable of yielding such exquisite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the serious and the aged? Is

it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good esteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleasure to those who are conversant with beauty, and have their palates set high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which affects us most, and *that* affects us most, which is on a subject in which we have the deepest concern. For this reason, it is a rule in epic poetry, that the tale should be taken from the history of that country to which it is written, or at farthest from their distant ancestors. Thus Homer sung Achilles to the descendents of Achilles; and Virgil to Augustus that hero's voyage,

——— *Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque alta moenia Roma.* ÆN. I. v. 6.

“ From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
“ And the long glories of majestic Rome.”

DRYDEN.

Had they changed subjects, they had certainly been worse poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of mankind. And in what subjects have we the greatest concern, but in those at the very thought of which “ this world
“ grows less and less, and all its glories fade away?”

All other poesy must be dropt at the gate of death. This alone can enter with us into immortality. It will admit of an improvement only, not (strictly speaking) an entire alteration from the converse of Cherubim and Seraphim. It shall not be forgotten, when the sun and moon are remembered no more; it shall never die, but (if I may so express myself) be the measure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of heaven.

How

How then can any other poesy, come in competition with it?

" Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
 " Within the view of conscious stars or sun,
 " Is far beneath my daring! I look down
 " On all the splendors of the British crown.
 " This globe is for my verse a narrow bound.
 " Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around:
 " Oh all ye spirits, howsoever disjoin'd,
 " Of every various order, place and kind,
 " Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays:
 " 'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise."

These verses, and those quoted above, are taken out of a manuscript poem on the Last Day, which will shortly appear in-public.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

WHEN you speak of the good which would arise from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts upon the sublime subjects of religion, it should, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would please to lay before them, that noble ideas aggrandise the soul of him who writes with a true taste of virtue. I was just now reading David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan; and that divine piece was peculiarly pleasing to me, in that there was such an exquisite sorrow expressed in it, without the least allusion to the difficulties from whence David was extricated, by the fall of those great men, in his way to empire. When he receives the tidings of Saul's death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raises his sorrow, instead of giving him consolation.

" The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

" Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon: lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

" Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

" Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

" Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

" How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul's character, represented by a man whom that very Saul pursued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the sublimity ceases, and, not able to mention his generous friendship, and the most noble instances ever given by man, he sinks into a fondness that will not admit of high language, or allusions to the greater circumstances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converse."

" I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

" In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majesty and worldly power were despicable considerations, when he cast his eye upon the merit of him who was so suddenly snatched from them: And, when he began to think of the great friendship of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations, and tender expressions of how much they

‘ they both loved, not how much Jonathan deserved.
 ‘ Pray pardon this, which was to hint only, that
 ‘ the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the
 ‘ thing principally to be considered by a Guardian.

‘ I am, SIR,

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ C. F.’

N^o 52. MONDAY, MAY 11.

—————*Toto solus in orbe*
Cæsar liber erit—————

LUCAN.

Cæsar alone, of all mankind, is free.

I SHALL not assume to myself the merit of every thing in these papers. Wheresoever in reading or conversation, I observe any thing that is curious and uncommon, useful or entertaining, I resolve to give it to the public. The greatest part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuscript, which was lent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell. He tells me he has had it above these twenty years in his possession; and he seems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has pursued in the new settlement, I have heretofore spoken of, upon his lands. He has given me full liberty to make what use of it I shall think fit; either to publish it entire, or to retail it out by pennyworths. I have determined to retail it; and for that end, I have translated divers passages, rendering the words *livre*, *sous*, and many others of known signification in France, into their equivalent sense, that I may the better be understood by my English readers. The book contains several
 memoirs

memoirs concerning Monsieur Colbert, who had the honour to be secretary of state to his most Christian Majesty, and superintendent or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The passage for to-day is as follows :

‘ It happened that the King was one day expressing his wonder to this minister, that the United Provinces should give him so much trouble ; that so great a monarch as he was, should not be able to reduce so small a state with half the power of his whole dominions. To which Monsieur Colbert is said to have made the following answer.

“ Sir, I presume, upon your indulgence, to speak what I have thought upon this subject, with that freedom which becomes a faithful servant, and one who has nothing more at heart than your Majesty’s glory, and the prosperity of your whole people. Your territories are vastly greater than the United Netherlands. But, Sir, it is not land that fights against land, but the strength and riches of one nation against the strength and riches of another. I should have said only riches ; since it is money that feeds and clothes the soldier, furnishes the magazine, provides the train of artillery, and answers the charge of all other military preparations. Now the riches of a prince or state, are just so much as they can levy upon their subjects, still leaving them sufficient for their subsistence. If this shall not be left, they will desert to other countries for better usage. And I am sorry to say it, that too many of your Majesty’s subjects are already among your neighbours, in the condition of footmen and valets, for their daily bread. Many of your artisans, too, are fled from the severity of your collectors ; they are at this time improving the manufactures of your enemies. France has lost the benefit of their hands for ever, and your Majesty all hopes of any future exiles by their consumption. For

“ the

“ the extraordinary sums of one year, you have part-
 “ ed with an inheritance. I am never able, without
 “ the utmost indignation, to think of that minister,
 “ who had the confidence to tell your father, his sub-
 “ jects were but too happy, that they were not yet
 “ reduced to eat grass; as if starving his people were
 “ the only way to free himself from their seditions.
 “ But people will not starve in France, as long as
 “ bread is to be had in any other country. How
 “ much more worthy of a prince, was that saying of
 “ your grandfather, of glorious memory, That he
 “ hoped to see that day, when every housekeeper in
 “ his dominions should be able to allow his family a
 “ capon for their Sunday’s supper! I lay down this,
 “ therefore, as my first principle, That your taxes
 “ upon your subjects must still leave them sufficient for
 “ their subsistence, at least, as comfortable a subsist-
 “ ence as they will find among your neighbours.

“ Upon this principle, I shall be able to make
 “ some comparison between the revenues of your
 “ Majesty and those of the States-General. Your
 “ territories are near thirty times as great, your
 “ people more than four times as many; yet your
 “ revenues are not thirty, no, nor four times as
 “ great, nor, indeed, as great again as those of the
 “ United Netherlands.

“ In what one article are you able to raise twice
 “ as much from your subjects as the States can do
 “ from theirs? Can you take twice as much from
 “ the rents of the lands and houses? What are the
 “ yearly rents of your whole kingdom? and how
 “ much of these will your Majesty be able to take,
 “ without ruining the landed interest? You have,
 “ Sir, above a hundred millions of acres, and not
 “ above thirteen millions of subjects, eight acres to
 “ every subject. How inconsiderable must be the va-
 “ lue of land, where so many acres are to provide
 “ for a single person; where a single person is the
 “ whole

" whole market for the product of so much land?
 " And what sort of customers are your subjects to
 " these lands? What clothes is it that they wear?
 " What provisions do they consume? Black bread,
 " onions, and other roots, are the usual diet of the
 " generality of your people; their common drink
 " the pure element; they are dressed in cambric and
 " wooden shoes, I mean such of them as are not
 " bare-foot and half naked. How very mean must
 " be the eight acres which will afford no better sub-
 " sistence to a single person? Yet so many of your
 " people live in this despicable manner, that four
 " pounds will be easily believed to exceed the annual
 " expences of every one of them at a medium. And
 " how little of this expence will be coming to the
 " land-owner for his rent? or, which is the same
 " thing, for the mere product of his land? Of every
 " thing that is consumed, the greatest part of the
 " value is the price of labour that is bestowed upon
 " it; and it is not a very small part of their price
 " that is paid to your Majesty in your excises. Of
 " the four pounds expence of every subject, it can
 " hardly be thought that more than four and twenty
 " shillings are paid for the mere product of the land.
 " Then, if there are eight acres to every subject,
 " and every subject for his consumption pays no more
 " than four and twenty shillings to the land, three
 " shillings at a medium must be the full yearly value
 " of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands, sepa-
 " rated from the buildings, cannot be valued higher.
 " And what then shall be thought the yearly va-
 " lue of the houses, or, which is the same thing, of
 " the lodgings of your thirteen millions of subjects?
 " What numbers of these are begging their bread
 " throughout your kingdom? If your Majesty were
 " to walk incognito through the very streets of your
 " capital, and would give a farthing to every beggar
 " that asks you alms; in a walk of one hour, you
 " would

“ would have nothing left of a pillow. How miserable must be the lodgings of these wretches? Even those that will not ask your charity, are huddled together four or five families in a house. Such is the lodging in your capital. That of your other towns, is yet of less value; but nothing can be more ruinous than the cottages in the villages. Six shillings for the lodging of every one of your thirteen millions of subjects at a medium, must needs be the full yearly value of all the houses. So that, at four shillings for every acre, and six shillings for the lodging of every subject, the rents of your whole kingdom will be less than twenty millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be, by the most exact survey that has been taken.

“ The next question then is, How much of these rents your Majesty will think fit to take to your own use? Six of the twenty millions are in the hands of the clergy; and little enough for the support of three hundred thousand ecclesiastics, with all their necessary attendants. It is no more than twenty pounds a-year for every one of the masters. These, Sir, are your best guards; they keep your subjects loyal in the midst of all their misery. Your majesty will not think it your interest to take any thing from the church. From that which remains in the hands of your lay-subjects, will you be able to take more than five millions to your own use? This is more than seven shillings in the pound; and then, after necessary reparations, together with losses by the failing of tenants, how very little will be left to the owners? These are gentlemen, who have never been bred either to trade or manufactures; they have no other way of living than by their rents; and, when these shall be taken from them, they must fly to your armies, as to an hospital, for their daily bread.

“ Now,

“ Now, Sir, your Majesty will give me leave to
“ examine what are the rents of the United Nether-
“ lands, and how great a part of these their gover-
“ nors may take to themselves, without oppression of
“ the owners. There are in those provinces three
“ millions of acres, and as many millions of subjects,
“ a subject for every acre. Why should not then
“ the single acre there be as valuable as the eight
“ acres in France, since it is to provide for as many
“ mouths? Or, if great part of the provisions of the
“ people are fetched in by their trade from the sea
“ or foreign countries, they will end, at last, in the
“ improvement of their lands. I have often heard,
“ and am ready to believe, that thirty shillings, one
“ with another, is less than the yearly value of every
“ acre in those provinces.

“ And how much less than this will be the year-
“ ly value of lodging, for every one of their sub-
“ jects? There are no beggars in their streets, scarce
“ a single one in a whole province. Their families
“ in great towns are lodged in palaces, in compari-
“ son with those of Paris: even the houses in their
“ villages are more costly than in many of your ci-
“ ties. If such is the value of their three millions
“ of acres, and of lodging for as many millions of
“ subjects, the yearly rents of lands and houses are
“ nine millions in those provinces.

“ Then how much of this may the States take
“ without ruining the land-owners, for the defence of
“ their people? Their lands, there, by the custom
“ of descending in equal shares to all the children,
“ are distributed into so many hands, that few or no
“ persons are subsisted by their rents; land-owners,
“ as well as others, are chiefly subsisted by trade
“ and manufactures; and they can therefore with as
“ much ease part with half of their whole rents, as
“ your Majesty's subjects can a quarter. The States-
“ General may as well take four millions and a half
“ from

" It remains now only to compare the excises of
 " Both countries. And what excises can your Ma-
 " jesty hope to receive by the consumption of the
 " half-starved and half-naked beggars in your streets?

how great a part of the price of canvass cloth and wooden shoes, that are every where worn throughout

"diet of your people? If your Majesty were to re-
ceive the whole price of those things, your ex-

"manner, that the annual expence of every one at a
"medium, can be no more than I have mentioned.

"possible to conceive that more than an eighth part
"can be excised from the expences of your subjects,

" amount to no more than six millions and a half.
 " And how much less than this sum will the States

"people of their great towns live at a vastly greater charge than yours. And even those in their vil-

" subjects live at twice the cost of those of France.
" Trade and manufactures are the things that fur-

"of the Hollanders, yet still they will have more
"left than the subjects of your Majesty, though you

VOL. I.

Y

"should."

“ should take nothing at all from them. I must believe, therefore, that it will be as easy to levy thrice as much by excises upon the Dutch subject as the French; thirty shillings upon the former, as easily as ten upon the latter; and consequently four millions and a half of pounds upon their three millions of subjects; so that, in the whole, by rents and excises, they will be able to raise nine millions within the year. If of this sum, for the maintenance of their clergy, which are not so numerous as in France, the charge of their civil list, and the preservation of their dikes, one million is to be deducted; yet still they will have eight for their defence; a revenue equal to two-thirds of your Majesty's.

“ Your Majesty will now no longer wonder that you have not been able to reduce these provinces with half the power of your whole dominions; yet half is as much as you will be ever able to employ against them. Spain and Germany will be always ready to espouse their quarrel; their forces will be sufficient to cut out work for the other half; and I wish too you could be quiet on the side of Italy and England.

“ What then is the advice I would presume to give your Majesty? To disband the greatest part of your forces, and save so many taxes to your people; your very dominions make you too powerful to fear any insult from your neighbours: To turn your thoughts from war, and cultivate the arts of peace, the trade and manufactures of your people. This shall make you the most powerful prince, and at the same time your subjects the richest of all other subjects. In the space of twenty years, they will be able to give your Majesty greater sums with ease, than you can now draw from them with the greatest difficulty. You have abundant materials in your kingdom to employ your people, and they do not want capacity to be employed. Peace
“ and

“ and trade shall carry out their labour to all the parts of
 “ Europe, and bring back yearly treasures to your
 “ subjects. There will be always fools enough to
 “ purchase the manufactures of France, though
 “ France should be prohibited to purchase those of
 “ other countries. In the mean time your Majesty
 “ shall never want sufficient sums to buy now and
 “ then an important fortress, from one or other of
 “ your indigent neighbours. But, above all, peace
 “ shall ingratiate your Majesty with the Spanish na-
 “ tion, during the life of their crazy king; and af-
 “ ter his death, a few seasonable presents among his
 “ courtiers, shall purchase the reversion of his
 “ crowns, with all the treasures of the Indies; and
 “ then the world must be your own.”

‘ This was the substance of what was then said by
 ‘ Monsieur Colbert. The King was not at all offend-
 ‘ ed with this liberty of his minister. He knew the
 ‘ value of the man, and soon after made him the
 ‘ chief director of the trade and manufactures of his
 ‘ people.’

Nº 53. TUESDAY, MAY 12.

—Desinant

Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.

TER. Prol. ad Andr.

Let them cease to speak ill of others, lest they hear of their own
 misdeeds.

IT happens that the letter, which was in one of
 my papers concerning a lady ill-treated by the
 EXAMINER, and to which he replies by taxing the
 TATLER with the like practice, was written by one
 STEELE, who put his name to the collection of pa-
 pers

pers called LUCUBRATIONS. It was a wrong thing in the Examiner to go any farther than the Guardian, for what is said in the Guardian: but since Steele owes the letter, it is the same thing. I apprehend, by reading the Examiner over a second time, that he insinuates, by the words close to the Royal Stamp, he would have the man turned out of his office. Considering he is so malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very mercifully in his answer, which follows. This Steele is certainly a very good sort of a man; and it is a thousand pities he does not understand politics. But if he is turned out, my Lady Lizard will invite him down to our country-house. I shall be very glad of his company, and I'll certainly leave something to one of his children.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

SIR,

I AM obliged to fly to you for refuge from severe usage, which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleased to give me for what you have lately published in defence of a young lady. He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the characters of those who publicly answer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have disputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third person, or making any allusions to matters foreign to the subject before them. But since he has thought fit, in his paper of May the 8th, to defend himself by my example, I shall beg leave to say to the town, (by your favour to me, Mr. Ironside) that our conduct would still be very widely different, though I should allow that there were particular persons pointed at in the places which

he

‘ he mentions in the *TATLERS*. When a satirist
‘ feigns a name, it must be the guilt of the person
‘ attacked, or his being notoriously understood guilt-
‘ ty before the satire was written, that can make
‘ him liable to come under the fictitious appellation.
‘ But when the licence of printing letters of peoples
‘ real names is used, things may be affixed to mens
‘ characters which are in the utmost degree remote
‘ from them. Thus it happens in the case of the
‘ Earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman asserts
‘ to have left the church ; though nothing is more
‘ evident than that he deserves better of all men in
‘ holy orders, or those who have any respect for
‘ them, or religion itself, than any man in England
‘ can pretend to. But as to the instances he gives
‘ against me, *OLD DOWNES* is a fine piece of rail-
‘ lery, of which I wish I had been author. All I
‘ had to do in it, was to strike out what related to a
‘ gentlewoman about the Queen, whom I thought a
‘ woman free from ambition ; and I did it out of re-
‘ gard to innocence. *POWEL* of the Bath is recon-
‘ ciled to me, and has made me free of his show-
‘ *TUN, GUN, and PISTOL* from Wapping, laughed
‘ at the representation which was made of them, and
‘ were observed to be more regular in their conduct
‘ afterwards. The character of *LORD TIMON* is no
‘ odious one ; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Iron-
‘ side, when I writ it, I thought it more like me
‘ myself, than any other man ; and if I had in my
‘ eye any illustrious person, who had the same faults
‘ with myself, it is no new, nor very criminal self-
‘ love to flatter ourselves, that what weaknesses we
‘ have, we have in common with great men. For
‘ the exaltation of style, and embellishing the cha-
‘ racter, I made Timon a lord ; and he may
‘ be a very worthy one for all that I have said
‘ of him. I do not remember the mention of

' Don Diego, nor do I remember that ever I
 ' thought of Lord Nottingham, in any character
 ' drawn in any one paper of *Bickerstaff*. Now, as to
 ' POLYPRAGMON, I drew it as the most odious image
 ' I could paint of Ambition; and Polypragmon is to
 ' men of business what Sir Fopling Flutter is to men
 ' of fashion; " He's knight of the shire, and repre-
 ' sents you all." Whosoever seeks employment for
 ' his own private interest, vanity, or pride, and not
 ' for the good of his prince and country, has his
 ' share in the picture of Polypragmon. And let this
 ' be the rule in examining that description, and I
 ' believe the Examiner will find others to whom he
 ' would rather give a part of it, than to the person
 ' on whom I believe he bestows it; because he thinks
 ' he is the most capable of having his vengeance on
 ' me. But I say not this from terrors of what any
 ' man living can do to me; I speak it only to show,
 ' that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on
 ' persons, but on vices. Alas, what occasion have
 ' I to draw people, whom I should think ill of, under
 ' feigned names? I have wanted and abounded; and
 ' I neither fear poverty, nor desire riches. If that
 ' be true, why should I be afraid, whenever I see
 ' occasion, to examine the conduct of any of my
 ' fellow-subjects? I should scorn to do it but from
 ' plain facts, and at my own peril, and from instan-
 ' ces as clear as the day. Thus would I, and I will
 ' (whenever I think it my duty) inquire into the
 ' behaviour of any man in England, if he is so post-
 ' ed, as that his errors may hurt my country. This
 ' kind of zeal will expose him who is prompted by
 ' it to a great deal of ill-will; and I could carry any
 ' points I aim at for the improvement of my own
 ' little affairs, without making myself obnoxious to
 ' the resentment of any person or party. But, alas!
 ' what is there in all the gratifications of sense, the
 ' accommodations

‘ accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can give to please a human soul, when they are put in competition with the interests of truth and liberty? Mr. Ironside, I confess I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality, and am glad that my awkward apology (as the Examiner calls it) has produced in him so much remorse as to make “any reparation to offended beauty.” Though, by the way, the phrase of offended beauty, is romantic, and has little of the compunction which should rise in a man that is begging pardon of a woman for saying of her unjustly, that she had affronted “her God and her sovereign.” However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition; but am now heartily sorry I called him a miscreant. That word, I think, signifies an unbeliever. *Mescroyant*, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say him. For though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and rescued innocence from calumny. And it is nothing to me, whether the Examiner writes against me in the character of an estranged friend, or an exasperated mistress.

‘ He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleases. But as you have begun to oppose him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him. In particular, I beg of you, never let the glory of our nation, † who made France tremble, and yet has that gentleness to be unable to bear opposition from the meanest of his own countrymen, be calumniated in so impudent a manner, as in the
‘ insinuation

† The Duke of Marlborough.

• insinuation that he affected a perpetual dictatorship.
 • Let not a set of brave, wise, and honest men,
 • who did all that has been done to place their Queen
 • in so great a figure, as to shew mercy to the high-
 • est potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous
 • men as traitors and betrayers. To prevent such
 • evils, is a care worthy a Guardian. These are exer-
 • cises worthy the spirit of a man; and you ought
 • to condemn all the wit in the world against you,
 • when you have the consolation that you act upon
 • these honest motives. If you ever shrink from
 • them, get Bat. Pigeon to comb your noddle, and
 • write sonnets on the smiles of the Sparkler; but
 • never call yourself Guardian more, in a nation full
 • of the sentiments of honour and liberty.

• I am, SIR,

• Your most humble servant,

• RICHARD STEELE.

• P. S. I know nothing of the letter at Morpew's.

N^o 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 13.

*Neque ita perre aut adlatus aut admiratus sum fortunam al-
 terius, ut me mea pœnitaret.*

TULL.

I never flattered, or admired, another man's fortune, so as to
 be dissatisfied with my own.

IT has been observed very often, in authors divine
 and profane, that we are all equal after death;
 and this by way of consolation, for that deplorable
 superiority which some among us seem to have over
 others. But it would be a doctrine of much more
 comfortable

comfortable import, to establish an equality among the living : for the propagation of which paradox, I shall hazard the following conceits.

I must here lay it down, that I do not pretend to satisfy every barren reader, that all persons that have hitherto apprehended themselves extremely miserable, shall have immediate succour from the publication of this paper ; but shall endeavour to shew, that the discerning shall be fully convinced of the truth of this assertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accusations of Providence for the unequal distribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be sensible of this equality of happiness ; if they were not made uneasy by appearances of superiority, there would be none of that subordination and subjection of those that think themselves less happy, to those they think more so, which is so very necessary for the support of business and pleasure.

The common turn of human application may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice ; and whatever victories we gain in these our particular pursuits, there will be always some one or other in the paths we tread, whose superior happiness will create new uneasiness, and employ us in new contrivances ; and so, through all degrees, there will still remain the insatiable desire of some seeming unacquired good, to im-bitter the possession of whatever others we are accommodated with. And if we suppose a man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the gradations betwixt necessity and superfluity, we shall find that the slavery which occasioned his first activity is not abated, but only diversified.

Those that are distressed upon such causes as the world allows to warrant the keenest affliction, are too apt, in the comparison of themselves with others, to conclude, that where there is not a similitude of causes, there cannot be of affliction ; and forget to relieve themselves

themselves with this consideration, that the little disappointments in a life of pleasure, are as terrible as those in a life of business; and if the end of one man is to spend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to save both, an interruption in either of these pursuits, is of equal consequence to the pursuers. Besides, as every trifle raiseth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumstances, so do others as inconsiderable expose them to spleen and passion; and, as Solomon says, "According to their riches, their anger riseth."

One of the most bitter circumstances of poverty has been observed to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous. But I believe, this affirmation may, with more justice, be appropriated to riches, since more qualifications are required to become a great fortune, than even to make one; and there are several pretty persons about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate, than they possibly could have been with the want of it.

I confess, having a mind to pay my court to Fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries: in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occasion to envy some of those that did; comforting myself with this contemplation, that nature and education having disappointed all the favours Fortune could bestow upon them, they had gained no superiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present miserable state, we cannot name the person, whose condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial inquiry into the pride, ill nature, ill health, guilt, spleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear selves.

This my way of thinking is warranted by Shakespeare

speare
makes
prison
been
prison
philos
termi

"
"
"
"

P

"
"
"
"
"
"
"

C
ano

"
"
"
"

vie
tal
acc
str
fin
pe

speare in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposed and imprisoned, debating a matter, which would soon have been discussed by a common capacity, Whether his prison or palace was most eligible? and with very philosophical hesitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines:

“ Sometimes am I a king,
 “ Then Treason makes me with myself a beggar;
 “ And so indeed I am. Then crushing Penny
 “ Persuades me I was better when a king;
 “ Then am I king’d again”——

Prior says very prettily,

“ Against our peace we arm our will;
 “ Amidst our plenty *something* still
 “ For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
 “ To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
 “ That cruel *something* unpossess,
 “ Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
 “ That *something*, if we could obtain,
 “ Would soon create a future pain.”

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader with another bit of wisdom from Juvenal by Dryden:

“ Look round the habitable world, how few
 “ Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!
 “ How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
 “ What in the conduct of our life appears
 “ So well design’d, so luckily begun,
 “ But, when we have our wish, we wish undone!”

Even the men that are distinguished by, and envied for, their superior good sense and delicacy of taste, are subject to several uneasinesses upon this account, that the men of less penetration are utter strangers to; and every little absurdity ruffles these fine judgments, which would never disturb the peaceful state of the less discerning.

I shall

I shall end this essay with the following story. There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a fortune, which may not only be called easy, but superfluous; yet this person has, by a great deal of reflection, found out a method to be as uneasy as the worst circumstances could have made him. By a free life, he had swelled himself above his natural proportion, and by a restrained life had shrunk below it; and being by nature splenetic, and by leisure more so, he began to bewail this his loss of flesh (though otherwise in perfect health) as a very melancholy diminution. He became, therefore, the reverse of Cæsar; and as a lean hungry-looking rascal was the delight of his eyes, a fat sleek-headed fellow was his abomination. To support himself as well as he could, he took a servant, for the very reason every one else would have refused him, for being in a deep consumption; and whilst he has compared himself to this creature, and with a face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of his body, I have seen the master's features proportionably rise into a boldness, as those of his slave sunk and grew languid. It was his interest therefore not to suffer the too hasty dissolution of a being, upon which his own, in some measure, depended. In short the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his master, who, according to Horace,

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis; Ep. 2. l. 3. v. 57.

“Sickens thro’ envy at another’s good:”

and as he took him only for being in a consumption, by the same way of thinking, he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss him for not being in one; and has told me since, that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter to furnish himself with a footman that is not altogether as happy as himself.

No. 55.

 N^o 55. THURSDAY, MAY 14.

— *Quis enim Virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?* —

JUV. Sat. IO. v. 141.

For who wou'd Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?

DRYDEN.

IT is usual with polemical writers to object ill designs to their adversaries. This turns their argument into satire, which, instead of shewing an error in the understanding, tends only to expose the morals of those they write against. I shall not act after this manner with respect to the FREE-THINKERS. Virtue, and the happiness of society, are the great ends which all men ought to promote, and some of that sect would be thought to have at heart above the rest of mankind. But supposing those who make that profession to carry on a good design in the simplicity of their hearts, and according to their best knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, those well-meaning souls, while they endeavoured to recommend virtue, have in reality been advancing the interests of vice; which, as I take to proceed from their ignorance of human nature, we may hope, when they become sensible of their mistake, they will, in consequence of that beneficent principle they pretend to act upon, reform their practice for the future.

The sages, whom I have in my eye, speak of Virtue as the most amiable thing in the world; but at the same time that they extol her beauty, they take care to lessen her portion. Such innocent creatures are they, and so great strangers to the world, that they think this a likely method to increase the number of her admirers.

Virtue has in herself the most engaging charms ; and Christianity, as it places her in the strongest light, and adorned with all her native attractions, so it kindles a new fire in the soul, by adding to them the unutterable rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal state. Or if there are men of a saturnine and heavy complexion, who are not easily lifted up by hope, there is the prospect of everlasting punishments to agitate their souls, and frighten them into the practice of virtue, and an aversion from vice.

Whereas your sober Free-thinkers tell you, that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice deformed ; the former deserves your love, and the latter your abhorrence : but then, it is for their own sake, or on account of the good and evil which immediately attend them, and are inseparable from their respective natures. As for the immortality of the soul, or eternal punishments and rewards, those are openly ridiculed, or rendered suspicious by the most sly and laboured artifice.

I will not say, these men act treacherously in the cause of virtue : but, will any one deny, that they act foolishly, who pretend to advance the interest of it by destroying or weakening the strongest motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and fitted to work on all dispositions, and enforcing those alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind ?

Surely *they* must be destitute of passion themselves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance and justice, is sufficient to sustain the mind of man in a severe course of self-denial, against all the temptations of present profit and sensuality.

It is my opinion, the Free-thinkers should be treated as a set of poor ignorant creatures, that
have

have not sense to discover the excellency of religion ; it being evident, those men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep design, who proclaim aloud to the world, that they have less motives to honesty than the rest of their fellow-subjects ; who have all the inducements to the exercise of any virtue which a Free-thinker can possibly have, and besides, the expectation of never-ending happiness or misery, as the consequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their passions ? and are not hope and fear the most powerful of our passions ? and are there any objects which can rouse and awaken our hopes and fears, like those prospects that warm and penetrate the heart of a Christian, but are not regarded by a Free-thinker ?

It is not only a clear point, that a Christian breaks through stronger engagements whenever he surrenders himself to commit a criminal action, and is stung with a sharper remorse after it, than a Free-thinker ; but it should even seem that a man who believes no future state, would act a foolish part in being thoroughly honest. For what reason is there why such a one should postpone his own private interest or pleasure to the doing his duty ? If a Christian forgoes some present advantage for the sake of his conscience, he acts accountably, because it is with the view of gaining some greater future good. But he that, having no such view, should yet conscientiously deny himself a present good in any incident where he may save appearances, is altogether as stupid as he that would trust him at such a juncture.

It will, perhaps, be said, that virtue is her own reward ; that a natural gratification attends good actions, which is alone sufficient to excite men to the performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than virtue, and the practice of it is the surest way to solid natural happiness, even

in this life; yet titles, estates, and fantastical pleasures, are more ardently sought after by most men, than the natural gratifications of a reasonable mind: and it cannot be denied, that virtue and innocence are not always the readiest methods to attain that sort of happiness. Besides, the fumes of passion must be allayed, and reason must burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to see and relish all the native beauties and delights of a virtuous life. And though we should grant our Free-thinkers to be a set of refined spirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue; yet what would become of the bulk of mankind who have gross understandings, but lively senses and strong passions? What a deluge of lust, and fraud, and violence, would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if these wise advocates for morality were universally hearkened to! Lastly, opportunities do sometimes offer, in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleasure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health, or fortune. In such cases, what restraint do they ly under who have no regards beyond the grave? the inward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind, being grafted on the sense of another state.

The thought "that our existence terminates with this life," doth naturally check the soul in any generous pursuit, contract her views, and fix them on temporary and selfish ends. It dethrones the reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind to the slavery of every present passion. The wise heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this. Hence they endeavoured, by fables and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to possess the minds of men with the belief of a future state, which has been since brought to light by the gospel, and is now most inconsistently decried by a few weak men, who would have us believe,

lieve, that they promote virtue by turning religion into ridicule.

N^o 56. FRIDAY, MAY 15.

*Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput, pecudum si more pererrant?*

CLAUD.

What profits us, that we from heaven derive:
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our passions lead the way?

I WAS considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition; the groveling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions, that cast him from the degree in which providence had placed him; the debasing himself with qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action. This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which, however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

Here, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to get rid of the company I despised; when two men, who had overheard me, made up on either hand. These, I observed, had many features in common, which might occasion the mistake of one for the other, in those to whom they

appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that, though there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and, by turns, constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other. I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly, when he whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion: "Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a tiger." This struck me with horror, which the other perceived, and, pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage; for, though I had been savage in my treatment of mankind, (whom I should rather reform than rail against) he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this, I looked a little more chearful; and, while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother fling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him, at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which had so alarmed me.

As we went along, "To inform you, says he, with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother, but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her; and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her: but a while after, Enmity lying in ambush for her, became the father of him whom you saw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind, which engages me with friends, and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies."

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which

which lay a-side of one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain, straight, regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs over head as to exclude the light from it. Here, as we walked, I was made to observe, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy wretches; the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed, and, at the end of every grassy walk, the inchantress Flattery was weaving bowers to lull souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, until we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence she took a view of the earth, and, as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door, I took notice that a face was carved, with a heart upon the lips of it; and presently called to mind, that this was the ancients emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance, I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow-agents in the same family. Before I ascended the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water, which made me see extremely clear, and I think they said it sprung in a pit, from whence (as Democritus had reported) they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which, was called the Knowledge of Mankind. Here the window was no sooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.

But how different was mankind in this view from what it used to appear! Methought the very shape of
most

most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots, and, in short, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance. The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out into the form of a horse's; his eyes became prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig untying, flowed down on one side of his neck, in a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill-nature of conversation, made them turn into assemblies of geese, their lips hardened to bills by eternal using; they gabbled for diversion, they hissed in scandal; and, their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with, from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground, with the heads of different sorts of serpents, and, not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the face of crocodiles; their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they were converted to the claws of harpies, and these they still were stretching out for more, yet still seemed unsatisfied with their acquisitions. The sharpers had the looks of camelions; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on swarms of flies, which fell as so many cullies amongst them. The bully seemed a dunghill cock; he crested well, and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten by almost every one, yet still

fung

N^o

fung
up t
turn
toge
Flat
ing:
of a
the
Dru
the
ture
the
of
ing
of
dre
cei
beg
wh
bei
the
clo
tur
me
of
th
me
sh
ro
le
up
th
fo
fu
k
g
b

fung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hair to fly before him. Critics were turned into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching: The crafty had the face of a fox, the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear, the lechers were goats, and the gluttons swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of its professors into that of another creature: but this I took to be far from a privilege, for these two reasons; because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower rank of beings is guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of these representations of things, without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I perceived a concern within me for what I saw. My eyes began to moisten; and, as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified, was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from a passion, the clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect. I then turned towards my guide, who addressed himself to me after this manner: "You have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from its dignity; now, therefore, guard yourself from that degeneracy, by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and a conscious shame on the other. Endeavour, also, with a generosity of goodness, to make your friends aware of it; let them know what defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the matter as you see reason, either with the airs of severe or humorous affection; sometimes plainly describing the degeneracy in its full proper colours, or, at other times, letting them know, that, if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a day, or so many months, to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither neglect your
more

more remote acquaintance, where you see any worthy and susceptible of admonition. Expose the beasts, whose qualities you see them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their persons. The possibility of their applying this, is very obvious. The Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another, instead of writing: and, indeed, it is hardly to be missed, since Æsop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to speak for themselves, with relation to the actions of mankind.

My guide had thus concluded; and I was promising to write down what was shown me, for the service of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous old servant of mine, who brought me the Examiner, and told me, with looks full of concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

I

The

A

Agul
Airs
Ami
Anc

I
Ann
Arc
Ath

B

Barl
Baro
w
Bat
Baw
Bea
Bich

2
Bui
Bur

I N D E X

T O

VOLUME FIRST.

The FIGURES refer to the NUMBER in which the
Matters are contained.

A

ACADEMY, what a youth first learns there, N^o 24.

Age, if healthy, happy, 26.

— dwells upon past times, 5.

Aguire, his story, an instance of the spirit of revenge, 8.

Airs, the penman, his vanity, 1.

Aminta of Tasso, compared with Guarini's Pastor Fido, 28.

Ancients, crying them up reprov'd, 25.

— all that is good in writing not borrowed from them,

12.

Anne Bullen, tragedy of, a scene of distress therein, 19.

Arcadian, the true character of one, 23.

Atheist, behaviour of one in sickness, 39.

B

BACON, Sir Francis, remarks on the style of his history
of Henry Vilth, 25.

Barbers, inconveniencies attending their being historians, 50.

Bareface, Will. desires one of Lady Lizard's daughters for a
wife, 38.

Bath, wife of, a Comedy, characterised, 50.

Bawd, a mother so, to her own daughter, 17.

Beau, an academical one described, 10.

Bicknell, Mrs. a Comedian, commended, 50.

— furnished with a dress from the wardrobe of the Li-
zards, *ibid*.

Building, errors in undertaking it, 6.

Burial service, solemn and moving, 21.

CALA-

I N D E X.

C

- CALAMITIES**, the general source of them, 1.
 Cambray, Fencelon, -Archbishop of, the cause of his disgrace, 48.
 Cardan, the philosopher, what he says of the affliction of love, 7.
 Cato, Tragedy of, commended, 33, 43.
 ————— Prologue and Epilogue thereto, 33.
 Charwell, Mr. his character, 9. His purchase and improvement of an estate, *ibid.* Borrowed many of his maxims from Monsieur Colbert, 52.
 Chastity, the noblest male qualification, 45.
 Clergymen, the end they should propose to themselves, 13.
 Coaches, young gentlemen reproved for driving them, 14.
 ————— an intrigue carried on by means of one, *ibid.*
 Colbert, Monsieur, his conversation with the French King, concerning the great power of the Dutch, 52.
 Commandments were made for the vulgar, 27.
 Conversation, one of the noblest privileges of reason, 24.
 ————— rules for it, *ibid.*
 Covetousness, precautions against it, 19.
 ————— the vice of, enters deeper into the soul than any other, *ibid.*
 Country life, the charms and pleasures of it, 22.
 ————— why we are pleased with it, *ibid.*
 Cowards, never forgive, 20.
 Cowley, Mr. criticism on his songs, 17.
 Crabtree, Major, his sour saying of the ladies, 26.
 Critics, false, 12, 16.
 Criticism on song-writing, 16.
 Cyr, saint, account of that monastery founded by Madam Maintenon, 48.

D

- DAUBIGNE**, Mess. father and grandfather of Madam Maintenon, their story, 46.
 David, King, the beauty of his lamentation for Jonathan, 51.
 Death, a means to make the thoughts thereof the sweetest enjoyment, 18.
 ————— an infirmity not to desire it, 20.
 Dedications, the abuse of them, 4.
 ————— of an author to himself, *ibid.*
 Des Cartes discovered the pineal gland in the brain, 35.
 Dewlap, Dick, well made for a jester, 42.
 Distress, a scene of it in the tragedy of Anne Bullen, 19.

Donne,

I N D E X

- Donne, Dr. a criticism on his songs, 16.
 Dream, concerning reproof and reproach, 56.
 Dress, not to be too much valued or despised, 10.
 Divids, held the doctrine of transmigration of souls, 18.
 Verses from Lucan on that subject, *ibid*.
 Drunkenness, a deforming foolish intemperance, 56.
 Dryden, John, moral verses from his translation of Juvenal, 54.
 — a saying of his, recommending chastity in men, 45.
 Duels, the danger of dying in one represented, 20.
 D'Urfey, Thomas, the world ungrateful to him, 29.
 Dutch, their advantages over the French, 52.

E.

- E**ASE, loved by all men, 22.
 — in writing, what it is, 12, 15.
 — an instance of it in love verses, 15.
 Eclogue, meaning of that word, 28.
 Enemies, love of them not constitutional, 20.
 Epic poem, rules concerning it, 12.
 Epigram, a French one, miscalled a song, 16.
 Epilogue to Cato, by Dr. Garth, 33.
 Equality in the happiness and misery of men, 54.
 Examiner, author of, reprov'd for insolence, ill manners, and scandal, 41.
 Example, the influence thereof, 5.

F.

- F**ANTASTICAL pleasures, what they are, 49.
 Fine gentleman, what qualifications form one in the eye of ladies, 34.
 — character of a complete one, *ibid*.
 Flattery, a satire against it, 11.
 Footman, too fat for his master, 54.
 Fornication, a criticism thereon, 17.
 Free-thinkers, the name degenerated from the original meaning, 39.
 French King, Lewis XIV. his conversation with Colbert concerning the great power of the Dutch, 52.
 Front-box, how the ladies are marshalled there, 29.
 Future state, proofs of it from the creation, 27.

G.

- G**ALE, John, many prints of him, 1.
 Gentleman, qualifications requisite to form that exalted character, 34.

I N D E X.

Gentleman-like, gentlemanly, much of a gentleman, ill applied, 38.

Gnatho, a mad doctor, wonderful cures performed by him, 11.

Good Friday, reflections preparatory to the observation of that day, 20.

Gospels, the excellency of them, 21.

Guardian, the qualification for one, integrity more necessary than great understanding, 1.

H.

HAPPINESS, various notions of it, and wherein it consists, 31.

Happiness, with respect to marriage, *ibid.*

Heartly, Sir William, why he was not a fine gentleman, 34.

Henry VII. criticism on the style of Lord Verulam's history of that king, 25.

Henry IV. of France, a prayer made by him before a battle, 19.

Hilaria, her madness and cure, 11.

History, rules for writing it, 25.

Holiness, the beauty of it, 21.

Horse, care of them recommended, 6.

I.

JEALOUSY, its fatal effects, 37.

Jesus Christ, his conversation with two disciples after his crucifixion, 21.

Jilfirts, the occasion of our ill breed of men, 26.

Integrity in the power of every man, 1.

Intrigue between a wild young gentleman and a jilt, 14.

Joseph, his chastity, 45.

Irish stuffs, fine and delightful furniture, 49.

Italian comedians drove from Paris, for offending Madam Maintenon, 48.

K.

KINGSLAND hospitallers, objects of charity, 17.

Kneeling adorations, by an authoress to a young nobleman, 4.

L.

LADIES, all women such, 26.

Last day, extracts from a poem of that name, by Dr. Young, 51.

Laughers, several characters of them, 29.

Laughter

I N D E X.

- Laughter the index of the mind, 29.
 — the chorus of conversation, 29.
 Letter from Bareface (Will) to Nestor Ironside, 38.
 — Sir Thomas Smith to Sir Francis Walsingham, 7.
 Liberty of the people, generosity of that principle, 2.
 — asserted by Mr. Steele, 53.
 Lizard, Sir Ambrose, chuses Mr. Ironside guardian to his family, 2.
 — Sir Harry, his character, 6.
 — characters of Miss Jane, Miss Annabella, Miss Betty, Miss Cornelia, and Miss Mary, 5.
 — characters of Mr. Thomas, Mr. William, and Mr. John; 13.
 Lock-Hospital, patients there great objects of charity, 17.
 — oblation of a chamber-maid thereto, 26.
 Love, of enemies, not constitutional, 20.
 Lucan's translation of his verses on the transmigration of souls, 18.
 Luke (Saint) contents of the 24th chapter of his Gospel, 21.

M.

- M**AD Doctor, account of one, and his medicines, 11.
 Maid's tragedy, Mr. Waller's saying of it, 37.
 Maintenon, Madam, her birth, education, fortune, and character, 46. Married to Scaron, 47. Her power over, and marriage to Lewis XIV. 48.
 Mechanics, of general importance, 1.
 Meekness, something sublime and heroic in it, 20.
 Metamorphosis of men into lower ranks of being, 56.
 Mind, strength of its true happiness, 31.
 Moschus, remarks on his Greek pastorals, 28.
 Mountspan, Madam, recommended Madam Maintenon to Lewis XIV. 47.

N.

- N**ATURAL pleasures, what they are, 49.
 Netherlands, their advantages over the French, 52.
 Nottingham, Earl of, and his daughter, defended against the insults of the Examiner, 41.

O.

- O**GER, Sir William, his manner of courtship, 5.
 — Old people remember past times best, 6.
 — men of Gray's Inn, an account of them, 44.
 Othello, beauties and defects in that tragedy, 37.

T N D E X.

P.

- PANDOLPH**, Sir Harry, his manner of courtship, 5.
 ——— his manner of story-telling, 42.
 Passions, disasters attending irregular passions, 8.
 Pastoral poetry, 40.
 ——— at first period of the world, its felicity, 22.
 ——— qualities thereof, 23.
 ——— criticisms thereon, 28.
 ——— rules for writing it, 30.
 ——— explained by an allegory, 32.
 ——— English, characterised, 30.
 ——— French, wherein faulty, 29.
 ——— of Sannazarius condemned, *ibid.*
 Patch, Parson, why so called, 31.
 Peripatetics of Gray's Inn, 44.
 Philips, Ambrose, his excellence in pastoral poetry, 30, 32.
 Pigeon, Bat, the hair-cutter, recommended, 1, 43.
 Plato, his opinion of a future state, 27.
 Pleasure, men of, wherein miserable, 35.
 ——— fantastical, 49.
 ——— natural, what, *ibid.*
 Poetry, sacred, 51.
 Pope, Mr. his prologue to Cato, 33.
 ——— his pastorals compared with those of Philips, 40.
 Poppy, Ned, the story-teller, described, 42.
 Possession, true, consists in enjoyment, 49.
 Prayer made by Henry IV. of France before a battle, 19.
 Prejudice allegorically described, 39.
 Pretty gentleman described, 38.
 Prior, Matthew, some pretty verses of his, 54.
 Proverbs, when the use of them is insupportable, 24.
 Psalm 137th translated by Sir Philip Sidney, 18.
 Public spirit in Cato, 33.
 Punning, an apology for it, 36.

R.

- RACE-HORSES**, cruel to put them to their utmost speed
 for diversion only, 6.
 Rakes, i.e. oves, not so bad as gallant men, 17.
 Raphael, the beauties of his picture of our Saviour appearing to
 his disciples, 19.
 Renown, women of, instances of them, 11.
 Reproof, distinguished from reproach, 56.
 Revenge, the wickedness of it, 29.

Revenge,

Reten
Row!
Rur
rac

S A
Scaro
Shep
Sidne
Snuff
Soldie

Some
Song,

Soul,
Spark
Ca

Stage
Steck
Story
Story

T
Thea
wo
Theo
Tillo
kn
Tuck
52

V
Verf
—
—
—
—

V I N D E X.

Revenge, a remarkable instance of it, 8.
Rowley, Mr. his proposal for new globes, 1.
Rural life, what destroyed the tranquillity of it amongst the first
race of men, 22.

S.

SACRED poetry, pleasant and beneficial, 51.
Sannazarius, his pastorals condemned, 28.
Scaron, account of his marriage with Madam Maintenon, 47.
Shepherd, true character of one in pastorals, 23.
Sidney, Sir Philip, a psalm translated by him, 18.
Snuff, philosophical, the use of it, 35.
Soldiers, Christian vigilance recommended to them, 18.
—— moved at the distress in a tragedy, 19.
Somersetshire, pastoral ballad, 40.
Song, by a lady who loved an ugly man, 16.
—— writing, a criticism thereon, *ibid.*
Soul, discovery of the seat of it by Des Cartes, 35.
Sparkler, her letter about the character of Lucia and Marcia in
Cato, 43.
Stage, an instance of its force in reforming the world, 43.
Steele, Mr. his letters against the Examiner, 53.
Story-tellers, censured for ridiculous punctuality, 42.
Story-telling, not an art but a knack, *ibid.*
—— rules for it, 24, 42.

T.

TALE-TELLERS hired to lull people asleep in Ireland, 42.
Terror, Andrew, the Mohock, a cure wrought on him, 11.
Theatres recommended as useful towards the improvement of the
world, 43.
Theocritus's Idyls, compared with Virgil's Eclogues, 28.
Tillotson, extract from his discourse concerning the danger of all
known sin, 21.
Tucker, remarks on the ladies laying it aside, 18, 26, 33, 48,
52, 56.

V.

VANITY of mankind to make themselves known, 1.
Verses to Mrs. Annabella Lizard, 15.
Verses from the French, 16.
—— on the uncertainty of happiness, by Shakespeare, 54.
—— by Dryden and Prior, *ibid.*
—— from Juvenal, 54.
—— from Young's poem on the last day, 51.

I N D E X

- Verses from an essay on the different styles of poetry, 35.
- from Lord Rochester, 50.
- on the transmigration of souls, 18.
- Vernham, Lord, his writings a glory to the English nation, 25.
- criticism on the style of his history of Henry VII. *ibid.*
- Vice, observations on the great vices, 19.
- of people of quality, not to be taxed, 26.
- Virgil, his Eclogues compared with Theocritus's Idyls, 28.
- Virtue, Christian, recommended, 20, 55.
- Ulysses, Cosmopolita, his letter on the pineal gland in the brain, 35.
- United Provinces, advantages they enjoy over the French, 52.
- Voluptuary, the misery of one described, 35.

W.

- W**ALSINGHAM, Sir Francis, his letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's marriage with the French King's brother, 7.
- Ward, Mr. John, of Chester, his vanity, 1.
- Wealth, insolent with respect to women, 45.
- Whoring, precautions against it, 17.
- instance of a gentleman reclaimed from it, *ibid.*
- William III. (King) his saying of Lewis XIV. and Madam Maintenon, 48.
- Wise men, to think with them, but talk with the vulgar, 24.
- Women, the villany of deluding them exposed, 17.
- vanity of the compliments paid them by fops, 26.
- their vices not to be taxed, *ibid.*
- generally married too young, 7.

Y.

- Y**ORKSHIRE gentleman, his diet at Paris, 34.

END of VOLUME FIRST.



